
A MARVEL MAGAZINE
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A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL!
JAWS 2™*
IN FULL MARVEL-COLOR!
Based on characters from the smash Universal movie!

JAWS 2 director:

"FROM THE 'JAWS' OF DISASTER BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH"

a conversation with jeannot szwarc

interviewed by steve swires

For 38-year-old French-born Jeannot Szwarc, directing "Jaws 2" was "like all my career fantasies coming true at once. I still have to pinch myself at least three times a day to make sure I'm not dreaming, and that it all really happened."

What happened was his last-minute selection by producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown to helm the problem-plagued production after the original director, John Hancock, left the project in mid-stream—or more accurately, in mid-ocean. With a bare minimum of preparation time, Szwarc was able to draw together the diverse technical elements into a cohesive whole that was completed and delivered on time.

"Due to circumstances beyond our control" is a common enough excuse, but Szwarc determined that few, if any, circumstances would remain beyond his control for very long. Such an almost super-human demonstration of creative will-power might have proven to be an insurmountable task for many less ambitious film-makers, but he was well-used to functioning effectively in a highly pressurized situation. Having logged directional credits on almost 100 television programs in the past ten years, he was sufficiently experienced in separating expediency from excess.

Arriving in Hollywood in 1964, after a background in French television, commercials, and documentaries, Szwarc found employment in his chosen profession to be almost impossible to secure. Four years of perseverence, during which he paid dues by preparing laugh tracks for comedy shows and writing and producing construction brochures for a building executive, finally paid off when he was hired by Universal Studios as a writer and associate producer for such series as "Ironside" and "Chrysler Theater."

Szwarc made his American directorial debut in 1968 with an episode of "Ironside," and from then on his future seemed assured. Subsequent assignments on, among many others, "Kojak," "Baretta," "Columbo," and "Marcus Welby, M.D.," as well as six made-for-TV-movies and two "Hallmark Hall Of Fame" specials, secured his reputation as a hard-working and versatile craftsman. In fantasy film circles, he gained his greatest fame for directing 22 episodes of "Night Gallery," many of them written by creator-host Rod Serling and Richard Matheson.

Szwarc's first feature film, "Extreme Close-Up," written by Michael Crichton, was intended as a serious study of voyeurism, but due to production difficulties it emerged as little more than a soft-core sexploitation item. He fared somewhat better with his second picture, "Bug," produced by the late William Castle. Although it received only limited distribution in the United States, it was very popular in Europe, and won first prize at the Fantasy and Science Fiction Film Festival in Paris. Now "Jaws 2" should bring him to the attention of world-wide audiences, so that millions of people can puzzle over the pronounciation of his name.

The following interview with Jeannot Szwarc was conducted in his suite at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel in New York City on June 16th, 1978, the opening day of the movie—and was punctuated by a telephone call from Universal Pictures reporting the gratifying news that "Jaws 2" was out-grossing "Jaws" for the first day of its release across the nation.

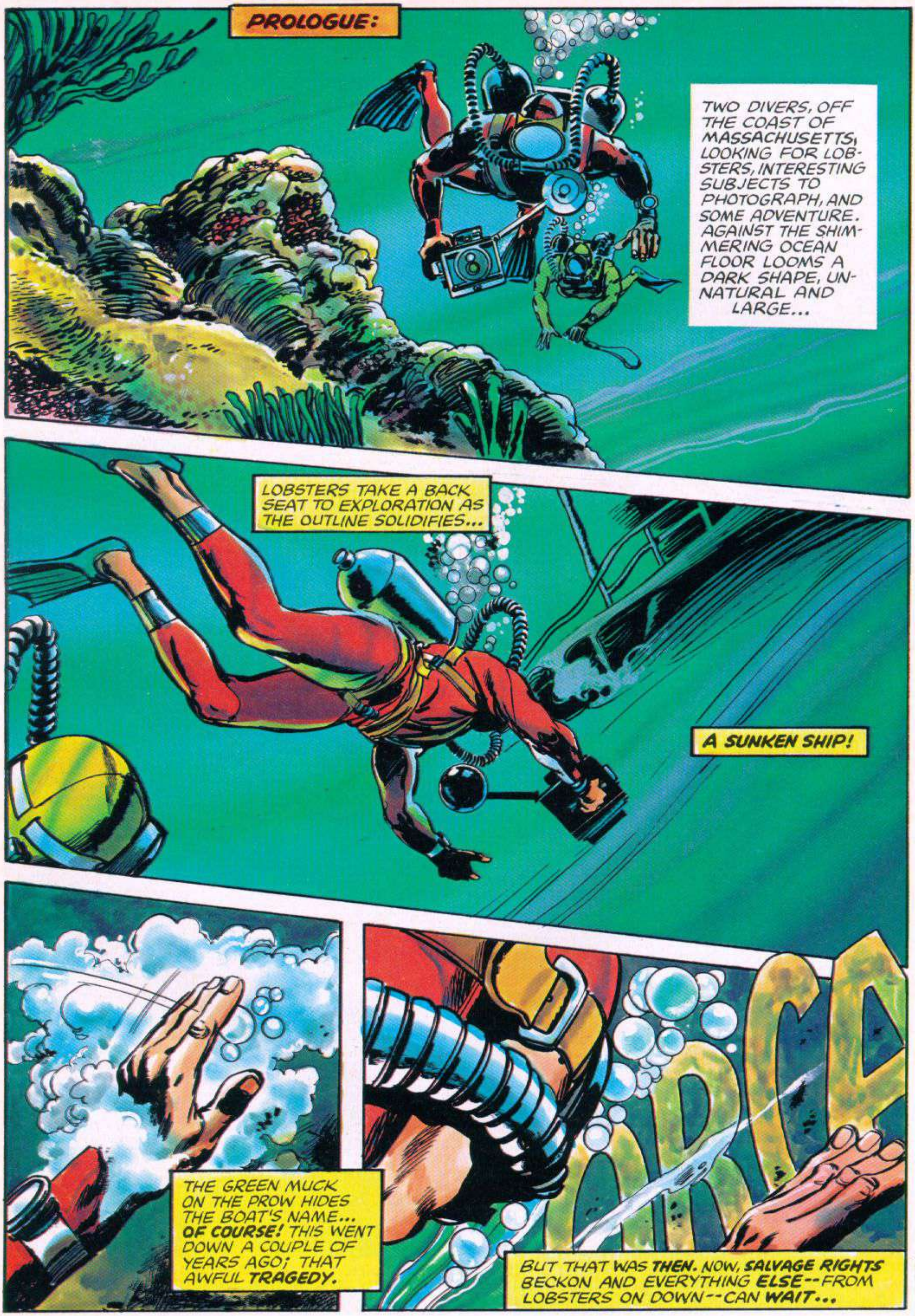
SWIRES: What alterations did you make when you took over?

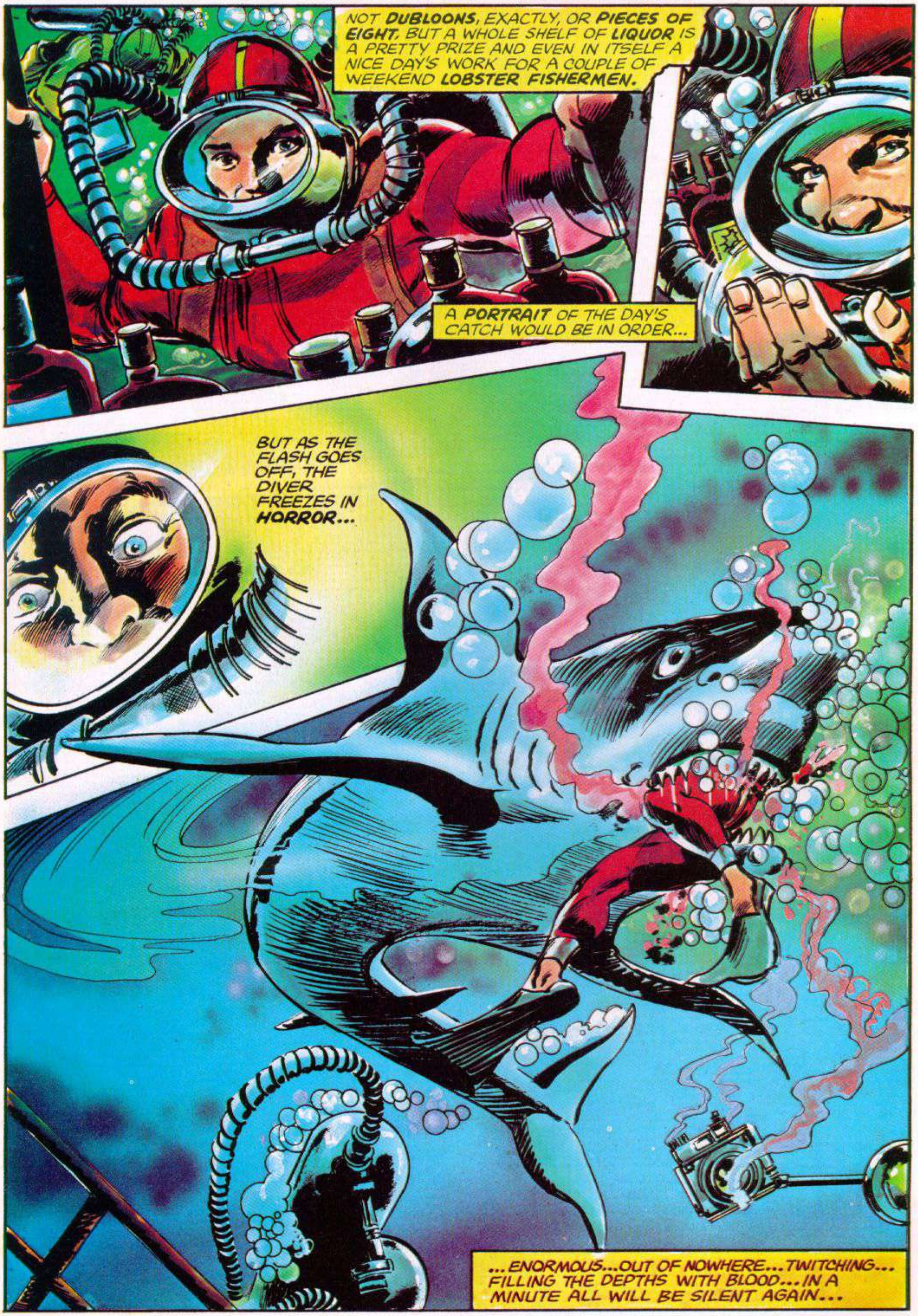
SZWARC: Since the script was already written and the cast was already selected, all we could do was tighten things up by eliminating three of the characters and changing the emphasis of the last half of the picture.

What I did, because the movie was so complicated, was to try to keep it simple. I knew from the beginning that complexity would kill us, so I tried to translate everything into a very classical, basic Hitchockian kind of suspense. I also did a lot of subjectivity from the shark's point of view, by putting a camera on the shark and using a lot of dolly shots, so the audience could feel what it was like to *be* the shark. We even built a special machine to shoot under-

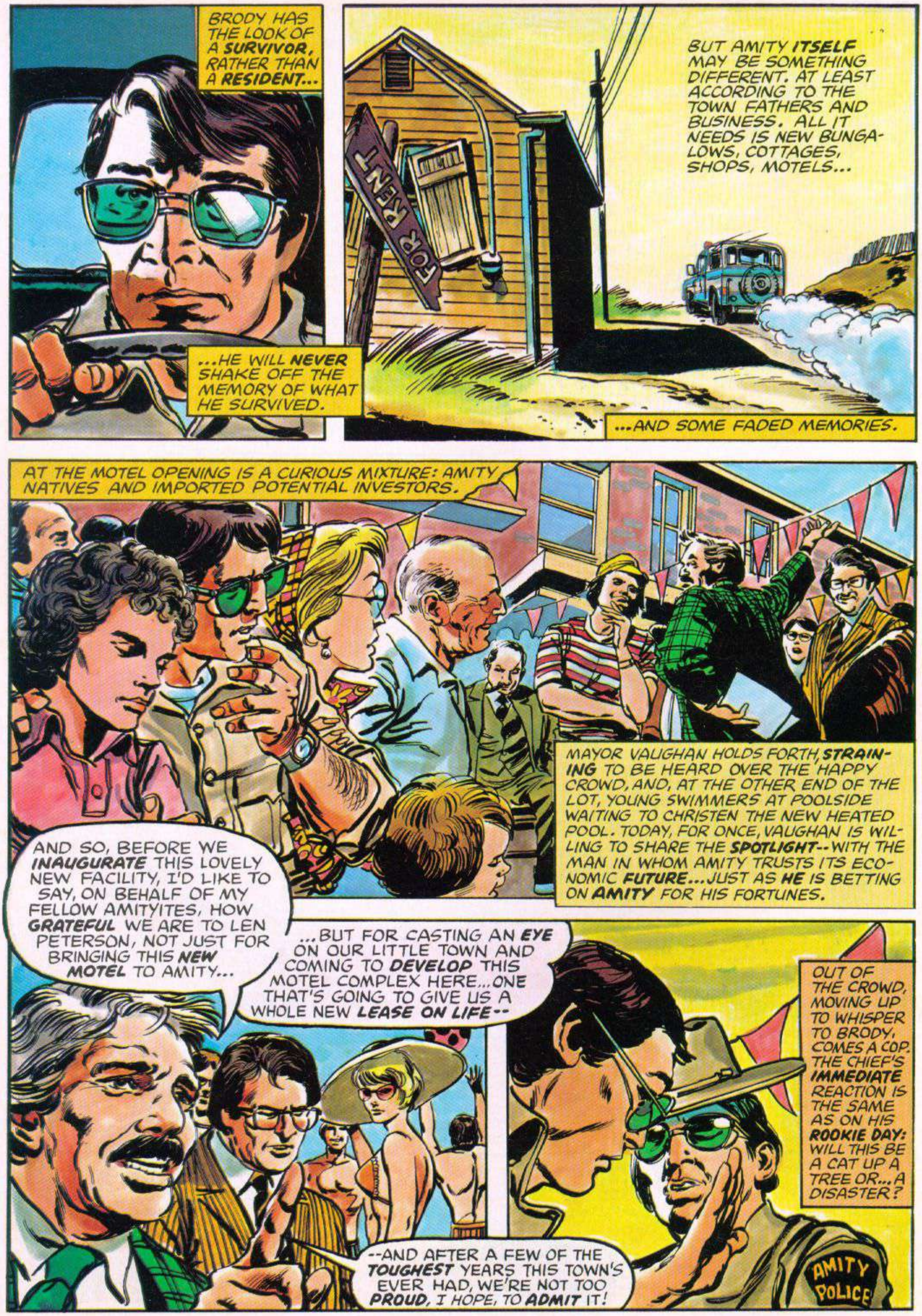
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PROLOGUE:
TWO DIVERS, OFF THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS, LOOKING FOR LOBSTERS, INTERESTING SUBJECTS TO PHOTOGRAPH, AND SOME ADVENTURE. AGAINST THE SHIMMERING OCEAN FLOOR LOOMS A DARK SHAPE, UNNATURAL AND LARGE...
LOBSTERS TAKE A BACK SEAT TO EXPLORATION AS THE OUTLINE SOLIDIFIES...
A SUNKEN SHIP!
THE GREEN MUCK ON THE PROW HIDES THE BOAT'S NAME... OF COURSE! THIS WENT DOWN A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO; THAT AWFUL TRAGEDY.
ORCA
BUT THAT WAS THEN. NOW, SALVAGE RIGHTS BECKON AND EVERYTHING ELSE--FROM LOBSTERS ON DOWN--CAN WAIT...


NOT DUBLOONS, EXACTLY, OR PIECES OF EIGHT. BUT A WHOLE SHELF OF LIQUOR IS A PRETTY PRIZE AND EVEN IN ITSELF A NICE DAY'S WORK FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKEND LOBSTER FISHERMEN.
A PORTRAIT OF THE DAY'S CATCH WOULD BE IN ORDER...
BUT AS THE FLASH GOES OFF, THE DIVER FREEZES IN HORROR...
...ENORMOUS...OUT OF NOWHERE...TWITCHING... FILLING THE DEPTHS WITH BLOOD...IN A MINUTE ALL WILL BE SILENT AGAIN...


JAWS 2
WELCOME TO AMITY
"WELCOME TO AMITY!"
THE MAY BREEZES CATCH THE SHREDS OF BILLBOARD, MOCKINGLY CALLING ATTENTION TO THE IRONY OF THAT MESSAGE.
AMITY HAS EVERYTHING-- BEACHES, FISHING, WATER SKIING, SURFING, SWIMMING...
AND A MEMORY.
AMITY POLICE
IT'S BEEN ALMOST THREE YEARS SINCE AMITY SUFFERED THE SHARK ATTACK. TO A ONCE-THRIVING RESORT TOWN, THAT CAN SEEM LIKE THREE DECADES.
POLICE CHIEF MARTIN BRODY SPEEDS TO A BATTLEGROUND IN AMITY'S FIGHT TO RECOVER. A NEW MOTEL IS OPENING, THE CORNERSTONE IN THE PLAN TO REVIVE THIS VIRTUAL GHOST TOWN.
BRODY TAKES THE OCEAN ROAD--AS USUAL. MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE, HIS OBSESSION IS THE SEA...AND THOSE JAWS.



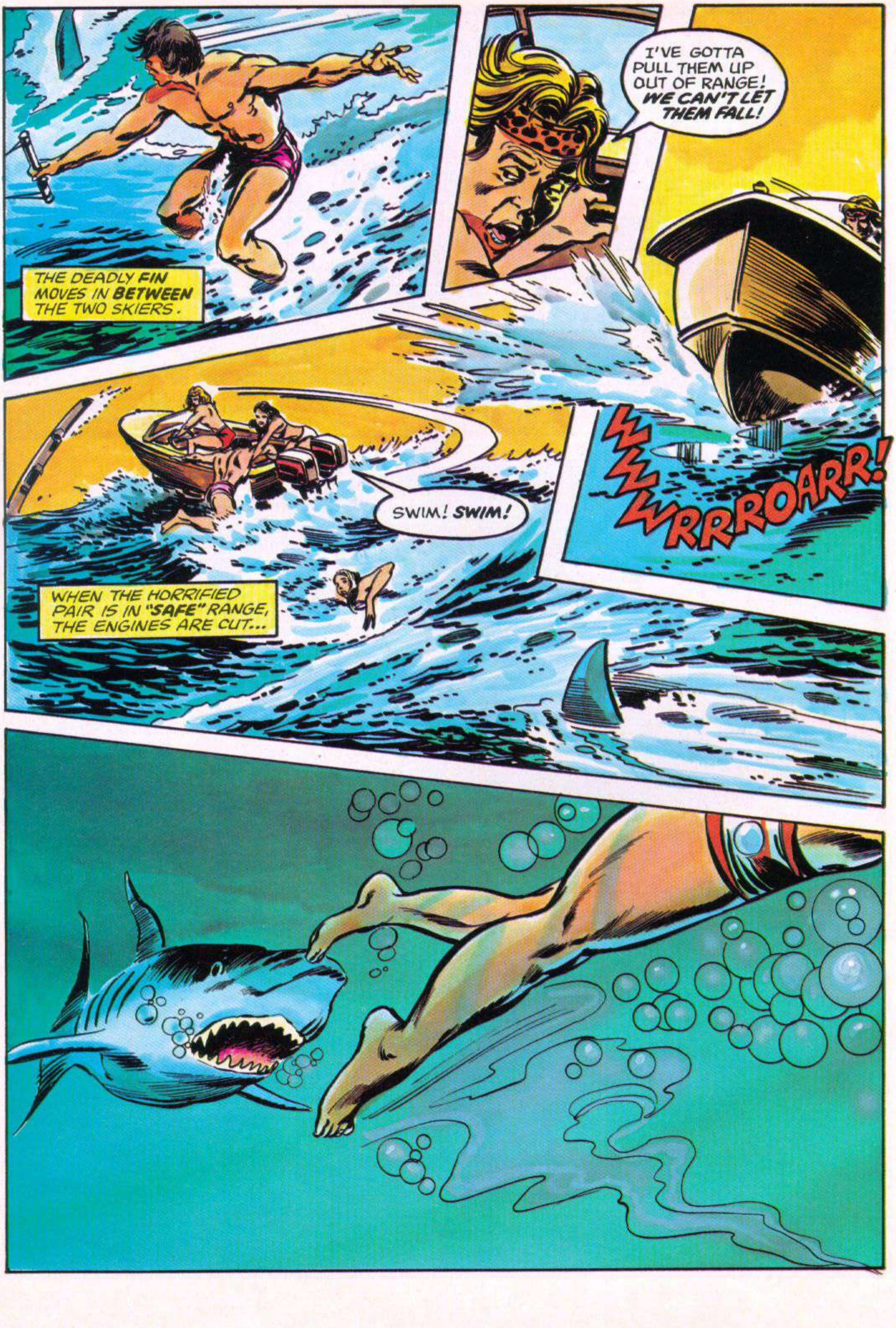
BRODY HAS THE LOOK OF A SURVIVOR, RATHER THAN A RESIDENT...
...HE WILL NEVER SHAKE OFF THE MEMORY OF WHAT HE SURVIVED.
BUT AMITY ITSELF MAY BE SOMETHING DIFFERENT. AT LEAST ACCORDING TO THE TOWN FATHERS AND BUSINESS. ALL IT NEEDS IS NEW BUNGALOWS, COTTAGES, SHOPS, MOTELS...
FOR RENT
...AND SOME FADED MEMORIES.
AT THE MOTEL OPENING IS A CURIOUS MIXTURE: AMITY NATIVES AND IMPORTED POTENTIAL INVESTORS.
MAYOR VAUGHAN HOLDS FORTH, STRAINING TO BE HEARD OVER THE HAPPY CROWD, AND, AT THE OTHER END OF THE LOT, YOUNG SWIMMERS AT POOLSIDE WAITING TO CHRISTEN THE NEW HEATED POOL. TODAY, FOR ONCE, VAUGHAN IS WILLING TO SHARE THE SPOTLIGHT--WITH THE MAN IN WHOM AMITY TRUSTS ITS ECONOMIC FUTURE...JUST AS HE IS BETTING ON AMITY FOR HIS FORTUNES.
AND SO, BEFORE WE INAUGURATE THIS LOVELY NEW FACILITY, I'D LIKE TO SAY, ON BEHALF OF MY FELLOW AMITYITES, HOW GRATEFUL WE ARE TO LEN PETERSON, NOT JUST FOR BRINGING THIS NEW MOTEL TO AMITY...
...BUT FOR CASTING AN EYE ON OUR LITTLE TOWN AND COMING TO DEVELOP THIS MOTEL COMPLEX HERE...ONE THAT'S GOING TO GIVE US A WHOLE NEW LEASE ON LIFE--
--AND AFTER A FEW OF THE TOUGHEST YEARS THIS TOWN'S EVER HAD, WE'RE NOT TOO PROUD, I HOPE, TO ADMIT IT!
OUT OF THE CROWD, MOVING UP TO WHISPER TO BRODY, COMES A COP. THE CHIEF'S IMMEDIATE REACTION IS THE SAME AS ON HIS ROOKIE DAY: WILL THIS BE A CAT UP A TREE OR...A DISASTER?
AMITY POLICE


IT'S NO CAT UP A TREE. CHIEF MARTIN BRODY TURNS UP TO LOOK AT THE HAPPY CROWD BEFORE ANSWERING HIS CALL--AN EMPTY BOAT ADRIFT ASHORE. AMITY MAY BE COMING TO LIFE... THE GHOSTS MAY BE LEAVING... BUT WHAT'S OUT THERE IS NO GHOST.
SPLASHING IS THE SOUND OF JOY TO OTHERS, BUT DIFFERENT MEMORIES LINGER IN BRODY'S MIND...
LAST YEAR, THE SURF-CASTER DISAPPEARS--BUT TURNS UP WITH A BLONDE... THE YEAR BEFORE THAT ANOTHER UNFOUNDED PANIC... IS IT GETTING TO HIM, LIKE EVERYONE IS WHISPERING?
ISN'T THIS WHERE THE "ORCA" SANK--AND THAT THING WITH YOU AND THE --UH--BEEN BACK HERE SINCE, CHIEF?
NO.
ANYTHING?
JUST THE USUAL SIGNS OF A BACHELOR PAD AFLOAT. NO LAW AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING.
SEND THESE PILLS TO THE LAB.
DON'T BROTHER. I KNEW THESE GUYS AS A COUPLE OF PILL-HEADS... I DOVE WITH THEM ONCE. A COUPLE OF SPACED-OUT MACHOS. THEY PROBABLY GOT CAUGHT IN A CAVE OR NET--OR EVEN IN THE WRECK.
THEY'LL WASH UP SOME WHERE TOMORROW. ANY-THING COULD HAVE HAPPENED WITH THOSE GUYS.
YEAH, BUT BOTH OF THEM?


HIGH ABOVE THE BEACH, PERCHED ATOP THE 50-FOOT SHARK TOWER, BRODY SPENDS MUCH OF HIS TIME WATCHING THE ACTIVITIES BELOW. TODAY, THE SEASON'S FIRST BATHERS CAREFULLY TOE THE WATER, BUT THE CHIEF'S GAZE IS PAST THEM. HE FOLLOWS THE IMAGINARY LINE OF HIS PET PROJECT, A STEEL MESH WALL THAT WOULD ENCIRCLE THE BATHING AREA...
CHIEF BRODY!
HI, PETERSON. HI, MAYOR.
SAY, SEVERAL POTENTIAL BUYERS ARE COMING HERE NEXT WEEK. CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING ABOUT TAKING THIS THING DOWN? IT'S SCARING PEOPLE AWAY!
THIS WATCHTOWER IS PERMANENT! THE ONLY WAY WE WOULDN'T NEED IT IS WITH A HUNDRED-GUAGE STEEL WALL OUT THERE!
WHAT DO YOU WATCH FROM UP THERE? BEEN NOTHING FOR TWO OR THREE YEARS!
NOTHING WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO SEE.
DON'T MIND THE CHIEF. HE GETS LIKE THAT EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY.
IT'S THAT ATTITUDE THAT'S GOT EVERYONE SPOOKED.
HE'S A GOOD MAN, THOUGH, LEN.

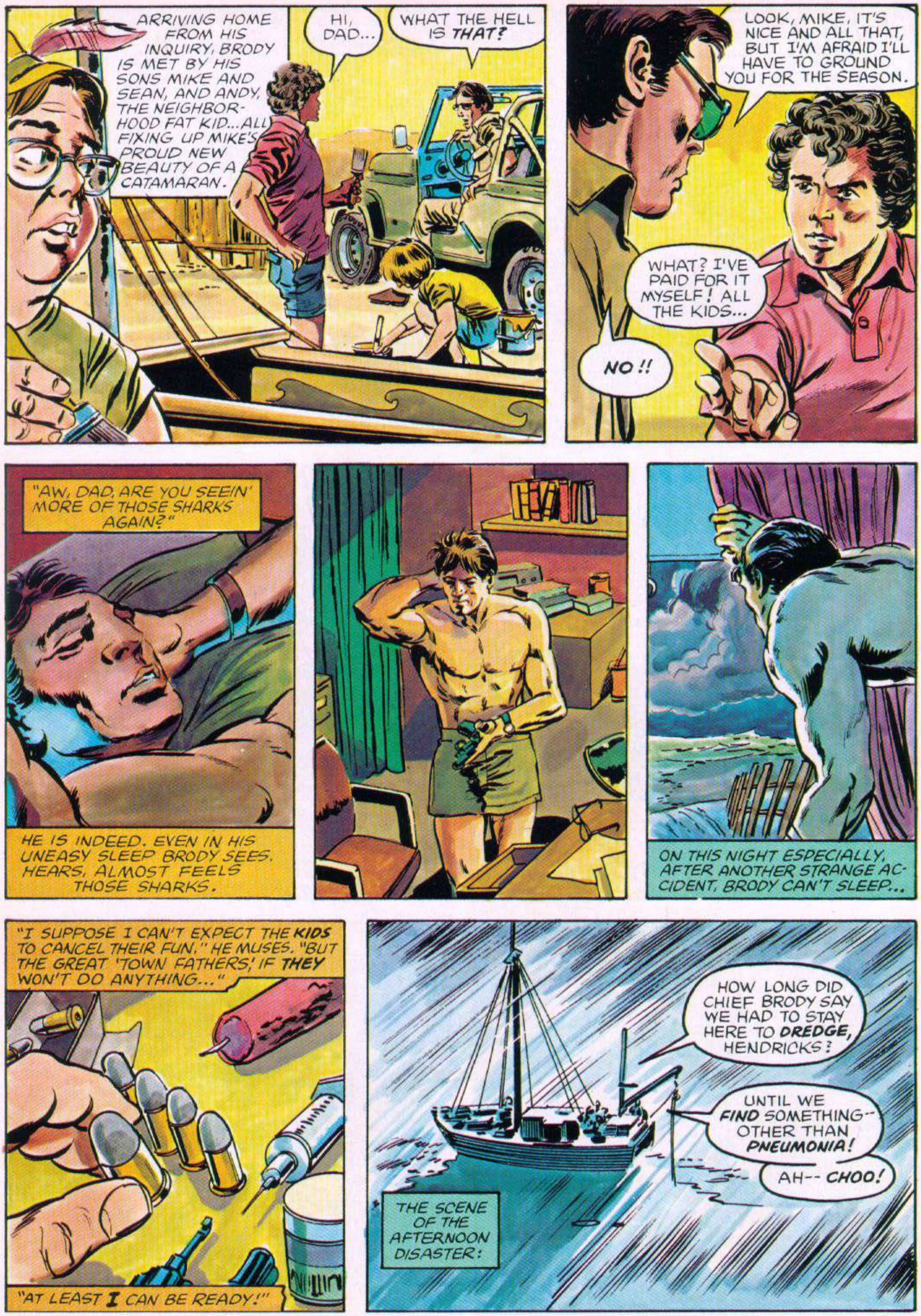


BUT LIFE IN AMITY CONTINUES. BRODY MUST CONCERN HIMSELF WITH THE MUNDANE--LIKE ISSUING TICKETS TO THE MAYOR'S SON FOR BIKE-RIDING ON THE SIDEWALKS...
AND TWO YOUNG COUPLES PACK ENOUGH BEER AND SANDWICHES FOR A TRANS-ATLANTIC CROSSING, MUCH LESS AN AFTERNOON OF SKIING.
EARLY IN THE SEASON AND EARLY IN THE DAY, THE PARTY HAS PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE SEA TO ITSELF...
...ALMOST.
AAAAUGH!
WHAT THE HECK...?


THE DEADLY FIN MOVES IN BETWEEN THE TWO SKIERS.
I'VE GOTTA PULL THEM UP OUT OF RANGE! WE CAN'T LET THEM FALL!
WWWRRROARR!
SWIM! SWIM!
WHEN THE HORRIFIED PAIR IS IN "SAFE" RANGE, THE ENGINES ARE CUT...


CAROL!! CAROL!! LORD, NO...
WILL IT COME BACK?
GIVE ME THAT GAS CAN AND STUFF THAT RAG IN IT! QUICK!
AS THE TERRIFIED BOATERS FRANTICALLY SCHEME TO WARD OFF ANOTHER SHARK ATTACK, THE RAVENOUS BEAST BREAKS THE SURFACE, PLAINLY NOT CONTENT WITH ONLY ONE VICTIM ON THIS PARTICULAR AFTERNOON...
FOOSH!


THROW IT NOW!
BLAMM!!
THE BURNING FUEL IGNITES PORTIONS OF THE SHARK--BUT BEFORE IT DIVES TO DOUSE THE ENVELOPING FLAMES...
KA-BLAM!
THE ENTIRE BOAT BECOMES THE TARGET, ITS HULL SHATTERED AND ITS OWN FUEL TANK EXPLODING!
THAT'S ALL, CHIEF BRODY. ONE MINUTE THEY WERE HAVING A HECK OF A TIME...
...AND THE NEXT MINUTE THEY WERE BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS.
CABLE - DO NOT DOCK
WHO WERE THEY? OFF-ISLANDERS? CHIEF BRODY??

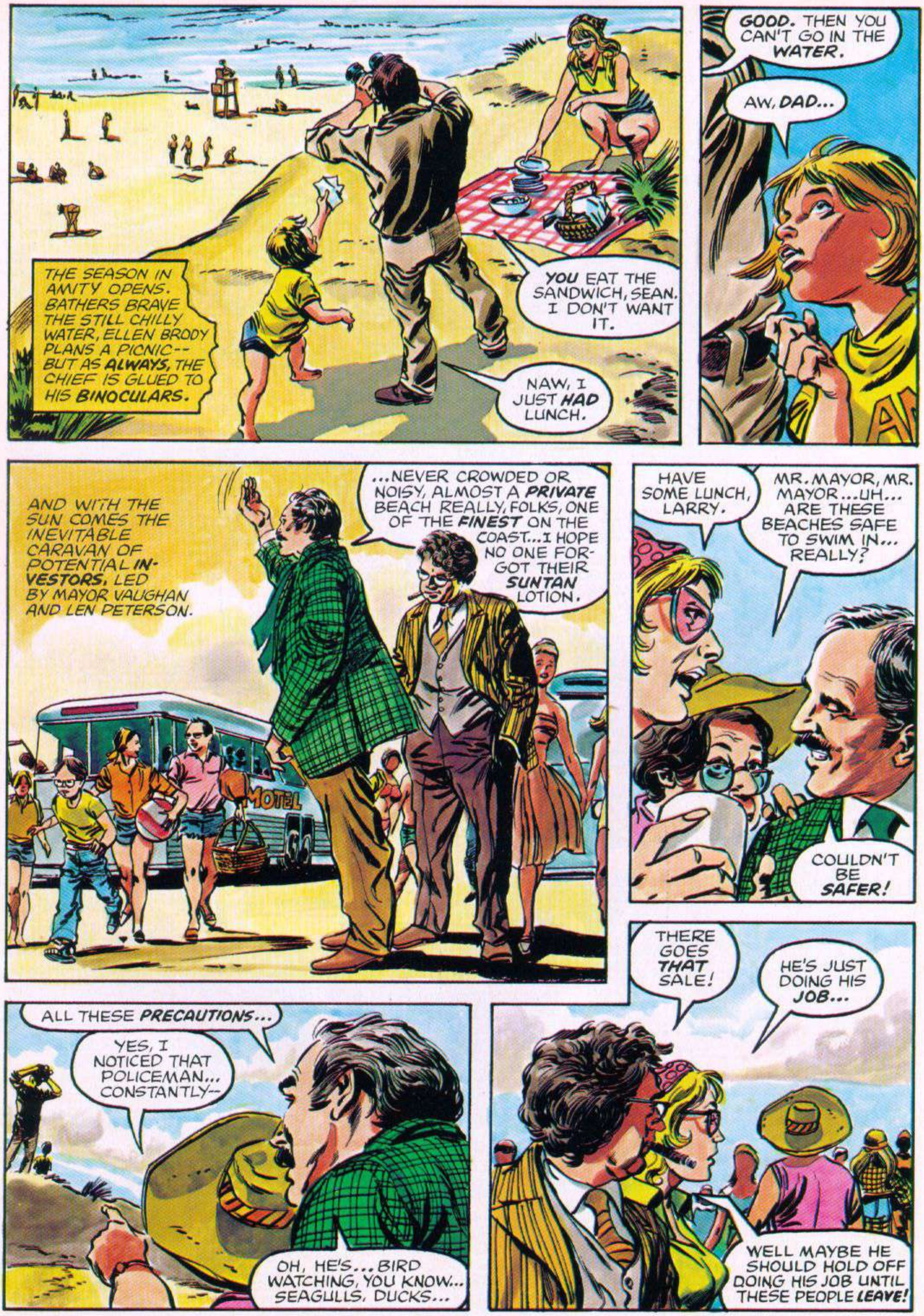

ARRIVING HOME FROM HIS INQUIRY, BRODY IS MET BY HIS SONS MIKE AND SEAN, AND ANDY, THE NEIGHBOR-HOOD FAT KID... ALL FIXING UP MIKE'S PROUD NEW BEAUTY OF A CATAMARAN.
HI, DAD...
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
LOOK, MIKE, IT'S NICE AND ALL THAT, BUT I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO GROUND YOU FOR THE SEASON.
WHAT? I'VE PAID FOR IT MYSELF! ALL THE KIDS...
NO!!
"AW, DAD, ARE YOU SEEIN' MORE OF THOSE SHARKS AGAIN?"
HE IS INDEED. EVEN IN HIS UNEASY SLEEP BRODY SEES, HEARS, ALMOST FEELS THOSE SHARKS.
ON THIS NIGHT ESPECIALLY, AFTER ANOTHER STRANGE ACCIDENT, BRODY CAN'T SLEEP...
"I SUPPOSE I CAN'T EXPECT THE KIDS TO CANCEL THEIR FUN," HE MUSES. "BUT THE GREAT 'TOWN FATHERS,' IF THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING..."
"AT LEAST I CAN BE READY!"
THE SCENE OF THE AFTERNOON DISASTER:
HOW LONG DID CHIEF BRODY SAY WE HAD TO STAY HERE TO DREDGE, HENDRICKS?
UNTIL WE FIND SOMETHING-- OTHER THAN PNEUMONIA!
AH-- CHOO!


HOLY COW! THE ELECTRIC CABLE TO THE MAINLAND!
WE'RE PACKIN' IT IN! LET BRODY FIND HIS OWN SHARKS--
AND THAT'S WHAT BRODY HAS TO DO--AGAIN. HIS EXPLANATION OF MISHAPS REMAINS NOTHING MORE THAN PROBABILITIES...THEORIES...IMAGINATIVE RECONSTRUCTIONS.
AT LEAST TO THOSE WHO PREFER FAIRY TALES TO DISTURBING EVIDENCE.
AT THE DOCK, MIKE AND ANDY ARE FIXING UP THE NEW CATAMARAN...
GEE, MIKE, I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL WE GO OUT!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "WE"?
YEAH--THIS IS A MAKE-OUT VESSEL, YOUNG FRIEND, THAT'S ALL!
HEY! GIRLS AHOY!
LOOKS LIKE OFF-ISLANDERS IN THE MOOD FOR COMPANY!
DAMN THIS ZIT! CAN YOU SEE IT FROM WHERE YOU ARE?
I HOPE ONE OF THEM HAS BRACES--SHE WON'T MIND MINE!


HI, YOU GIRLS SISTERS OR SOMETHIN'?
COUSINS.
NICE BOAT!
YEAH, STEREO AND EVERYTHING.
AND PILLOWS!
SOON ANGELA AND BROOKE JOIN MIKE AND ANDY--AND SCORES OF OTHER TEENS IN AS MANY DIFFERENT CRAFTS.
ANGELA, MY DARLING, COME SIT CLOSER BY ME AND I'LL PROTECT YOU!
AND WHERE BETTER PROTECTION THAN ON LIGHTHOUSE POINT, MY SWEET--FAMOUS IN THESE PARTS FOR...UH...STAR-GAZING...UM, BIRD-WATCHING...
OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "MAKE-OUT POINT," TO BE PRECISE. PULL HER IN, MIKE!
WELL, WELL! BIRD-WATCHING IS FRUITFUL THIS AFTERNOON! BEHOLD TWO SPECIMENS!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU FAT JERK! PUSH AROUND THE POINT--OR BETTER YET TAKE A LONG WALK OFF A SHORT PIER!

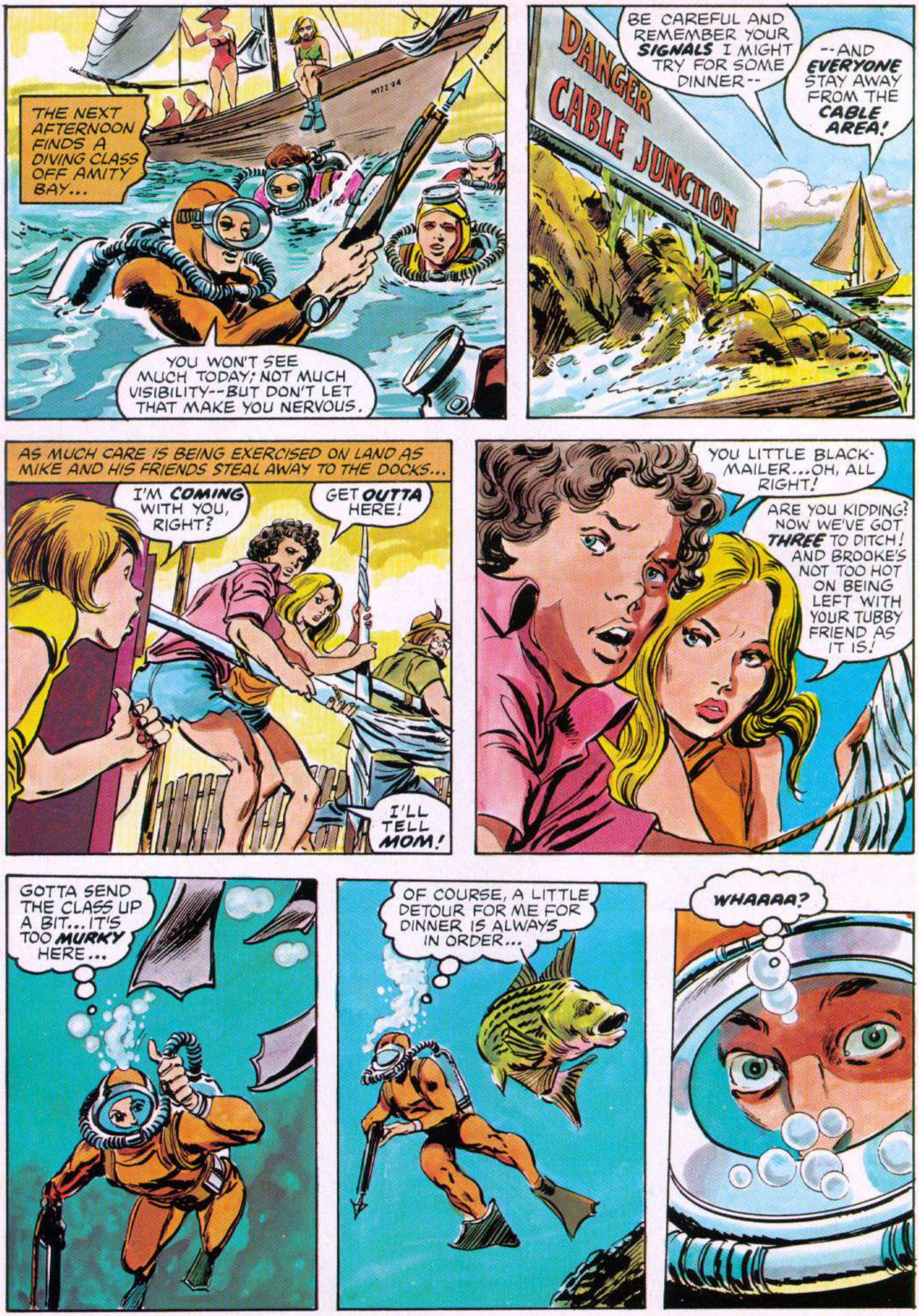


EEEEEK!
WHAT'S THAT? AND--HEY! THAT'S MY FATHER'S POLICE BOAT!
BUT AROUND THE POINT...
DROPPING AND RUNNING ASHORE, THE KIDS FIND CHIEF BRODY EXAMINING A SMALL BEACHED KILLER WHALE. THE DECAYING MAMMAL IS OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THE CHIEF, NOT BECAUSE IT IS THERE--UNUSUAL ENOUGH IN ITSELF--BUT FOR THE UGLY GOUGES IN ITS SIDE. THE LARGE BLOODY GASHES BEAR MEASURING.
WHAT CAUSED THE WOUNDS, CHIEF BRODY?
OH, PROBABLY JUST SOME FISH AFTER THIS BABY DIED...
OR MAYBE ONE BIG FISH, JUST A BIT CLOSER IN TIME TO THE LAST MOMENTS OF THIS THING'S DAYS!
WHEW! WHAT A STENCH! AND LOOKIT THEM WOUNDS!
AT A LAB UP THE SHORE, BRODY IS TESTING SOME THEORIES:
NO, CHIEF BRODY, I DON'T THINK SHARKS--IF THIS WAS A SHARK ATTACK--CAN TRANSMUTE ANY EMOTIONS LIKE REVENGE.
MOST LIKELY A SHARK 10 MILES OUT DID THE JOB AND THE DEAD WHALE FLOATED IN. SHARKS LIKE MAMMALS...
HERE ARE OUR SHARK CHARTINGS. NONE CLOSE TO SHORE. WE TRY TO TRACK THEM BECAUSE THEY PRODUCE AN ANTIBODY THAT FIGHTS CANCER.
THEY CAN SAVE HUMAN LIVES SOME DAY.
THAT'S A SWITCH!


THE SEASON IN AMITY OPENS. BATHERS BRAVE THE STILL CHILLY WATER, ELLEN BRODY PLANS A PICNIC-- BUT AS ALWAYS, THE CHIEF IS GLUED TO HIS BINOCULARS.
YOU EAT THE SANDWICH, SEAN. I DON'T WANT IT.
NAW, I JUST HAD LUNCH.
GOOD. THEN YOU CAN'T GO IN THE WATER.
AW, DAD...
AND WITH THE SUN COMES THE INEVITABLE CARAVAN OF POTENTIAL INVESTORS, LED BY MAYOR VAUGHAN AND LEN PETERSON.
...NEVER CROWDED OR NOISY, ALMOST A PRIVATE BEACH REALLY, FOLKS, ONE OF THE FINEST ON THE COAST...I HOPE NO ONE FORGOT THEIR SUNTAN LOTION.
MOTEL
HAVE SOME LUNCH, LARRY.
MR. MAYOR, MR. MAYOR...UH... ARE THESE BEACHES SAFE TO SWIM IN... REALLY?
COULDN'T BE SAFER!
ALL THESE PRECAUTIONS...
YES, I NOTICED THAT POLICEMAN... CONSTANTLY--
OH, HE'S... BIRD WATCHING, YOU KNOW... SEAGULLS, DUCKS...
THERE GOES THAT SALE!
HE'S JUST DOING HIS JOB...
WELL MAYBE HE SHOULD HOLD OFF DOING HIS JOB UNTIL THESE PEOPLE LEAVE!

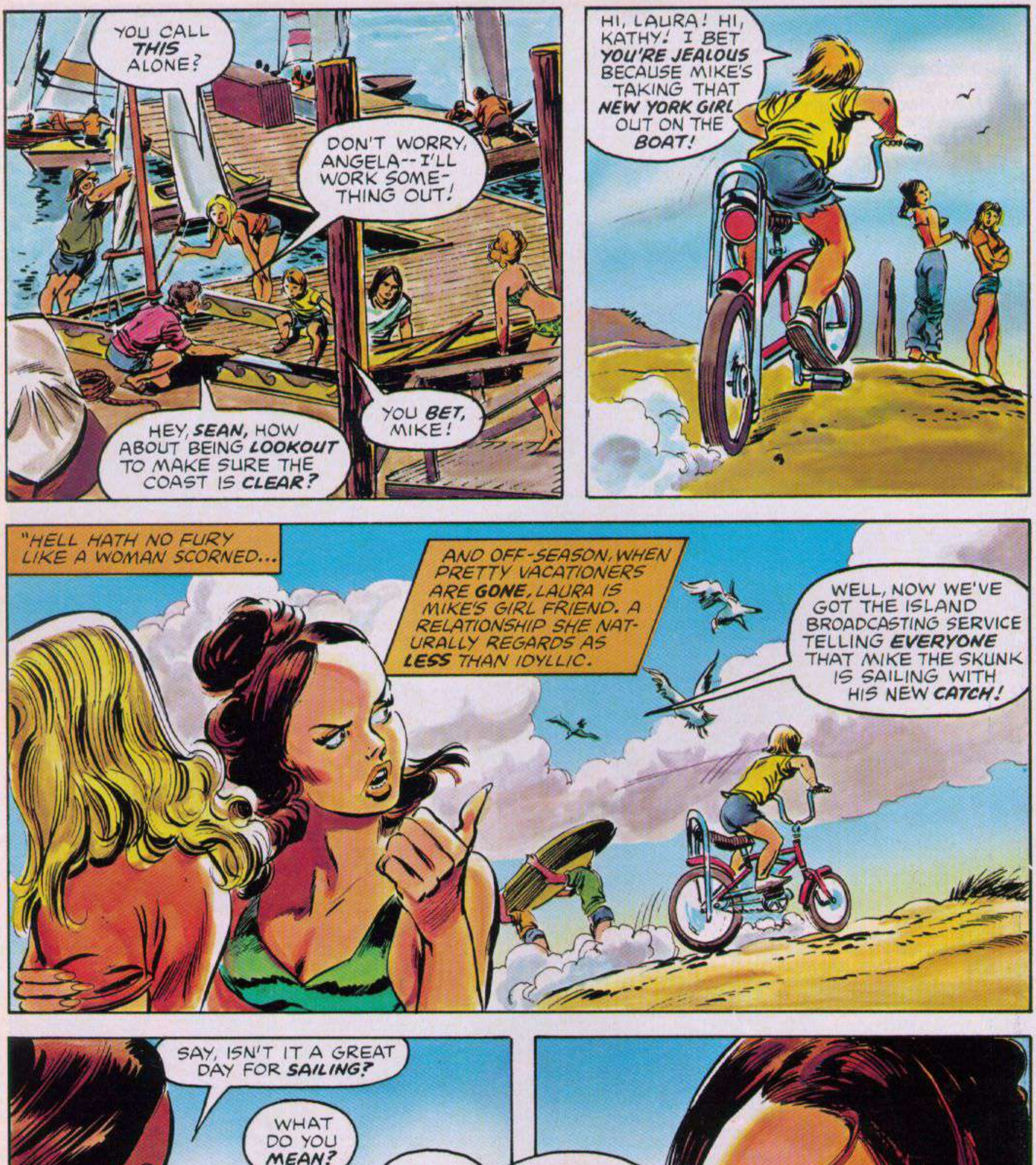

TODAY, BRODY'S FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED--
--FOR A SHARK IS VISITING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND, JUST BELOW THE HULLS OF AMITY'S KIDS' BOATS...
WHAT'LL WE DO IF THOSE OFF-ISLAND CHICKS DON'T SHOW SATURDAY?
THEY'LL SHOW, DON'T WORRY...
YOU GOTTA LET ME GO TOO, MIKE! I CAN BE LOOKOUT!
AT THIS JUNCTURE REEVES VAUGHAN AND HIS FRIEND SIDEBURNS, RECENTLY TICKETED BY CHIEF BRODY...
...REASSERT THEIR SCORCHING BICYCLE MANEUVERS AND NARROWLY MISS SPILLING THE TRIO INTO THE BAY.
AN ANIMATED DISCUSSION FOLLOWS...
...DURING WHICH MIKE ENTERS THE WATER.
AND, WHILE FISHING HIMSELF OUT, THE TOWN BRAT REEVES DANGLES SEAN OVER THE SAME BRINE.
LOOKIT THE LITTLE SHARK BAIT --WHY DONCHA FIND SOME OF YOUR NUTTY FATHER'S SHARKS?


SEAN IS YANKED OUT JUST IN TIME.
...ALTHOUGH NOTHING SEEMS WORSE THAN THE HUMILIATION VISITED ON THE THREE BY A PAIR OF PUNK JERKS.
EVENING BRINGS MORE CAUSE FOR RESENTMENT...
NEW GIRL FRIEND OR NOT, YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT ON THE BOAT-- TAKE HER TO THE MOVIES!
GREAT! BIG HELP! WHY CAN'T YOU THINK OF ME ONCE IN A WHILE?
I AM THINKING OF YOU... AND THE TOWN...
DID YOU TELL DADDY WHAT HAPPENED WITH REEVES?
SHUT UP, SEAN!
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT HAPPENED?
NOTHING...
NOTHING, DADDY...
BUT REEVES CALLED ME SHARK BAIT AND HELD ME OVER THE WATER! HE SAID YOU'RE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR SHARKS BECAUSE YOU'RE SICK IN THE HEAD!
I'M GONNA PUNCH HIM OUT! I HATE HIM!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SEAN...
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT PEOPLE SAY, DOES IT...

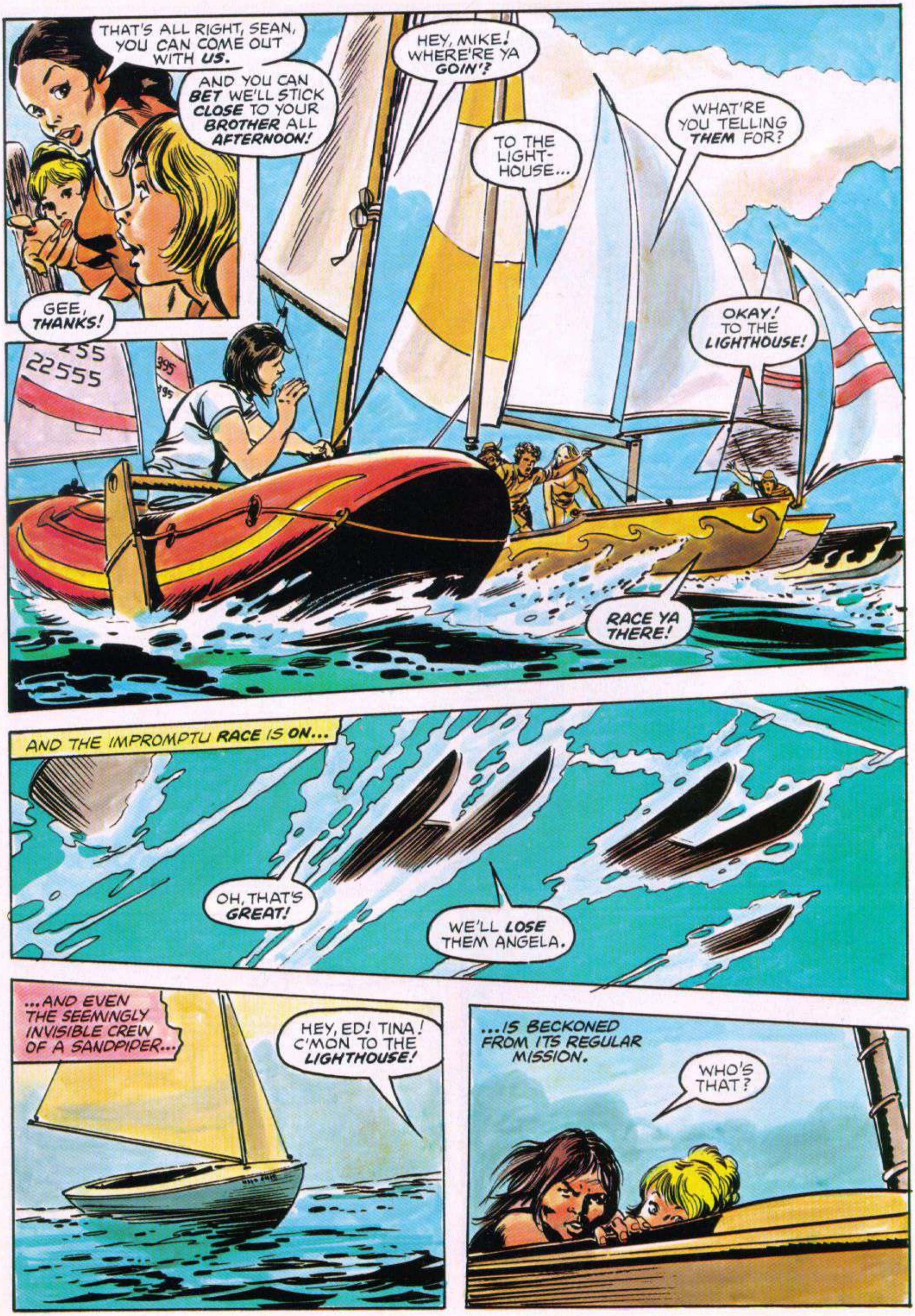


THE NEXT AFTERNOON FINDS A DIVING CLASS OFF AMITY BAY...
YOU WON'T SEE MUCH TODAY; NOT MUCH VISIBILITY--BUT DON'T LET THAT MAKE YOU NERVOUS.
BE CAREFUL AND REMEMBER YOUR SIGNALS I MIGHT TRY FOR SOME DINNER--
--AND EVERYONE STAY AWAY FROM THE CABLE AREA!
DANGER CABLE JUNCTION
AS MUCH CARE IS BEING EXERCISED ON LAND AS MIKE AND HIS FRIENDS STEAL AWAY TO THE DOCKS...
I'M COMING WITH YOU, RIGHT?
GET OUTTA HERE!
I'LL TELL MOM!
YOU LITTLE BLACK-MAILER...OH, ALL RIGHT!
ARE YOU KIDDING? NOW WE'VE GOT THREE TO DITCH! AND BROOKE'S NOT TOO HOT ON BEING LEFT WITH YOUR TUBBY FRIEND AS IT IS!
GOTTA SEND THE CLASS UP A BIT...IT'S TOO MURKY HERE...
OF COURSE, A LITTLE DETOUR FOR ME FOR DINNER IS ALWAYS IN ORDER...
WHAAAA?

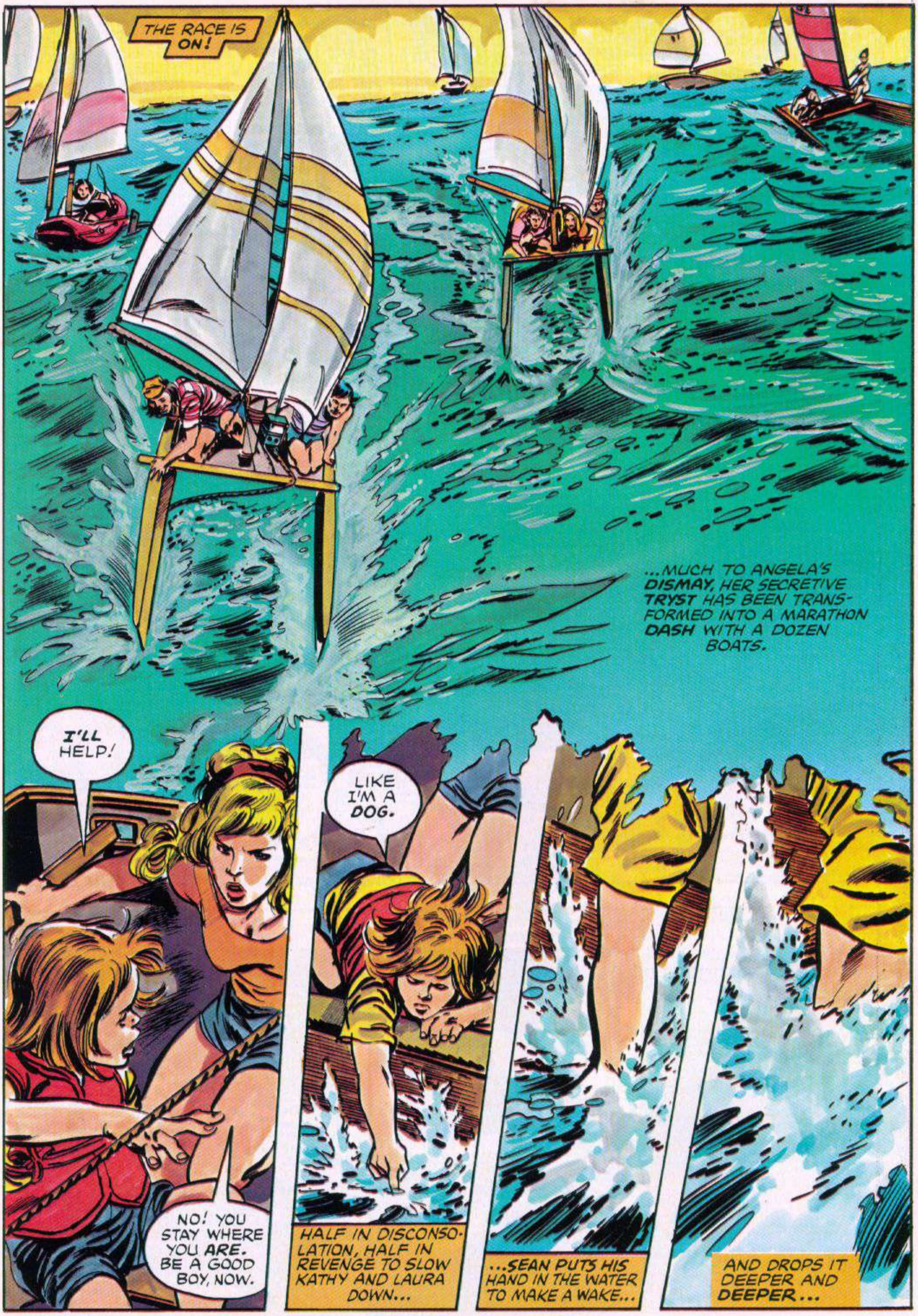

AROUND THE ROCKS SWIMS HIS DINNER, NOW **ANOTHER** AP-PETIZER. THE SHARK IS **HUGE** AND SURGING **STRAIGHT** FOR THE DIVER!
HE PULLS HIS INFLATION CORD AND SHOOTS **PAST** THE SHARK...
AND PAST THE OTHER **DIVERS**, RISING TO THE SURFACE **UNCONSCIOUS**, WITH BLOOD TRICKLING FROM HIS NOSE...

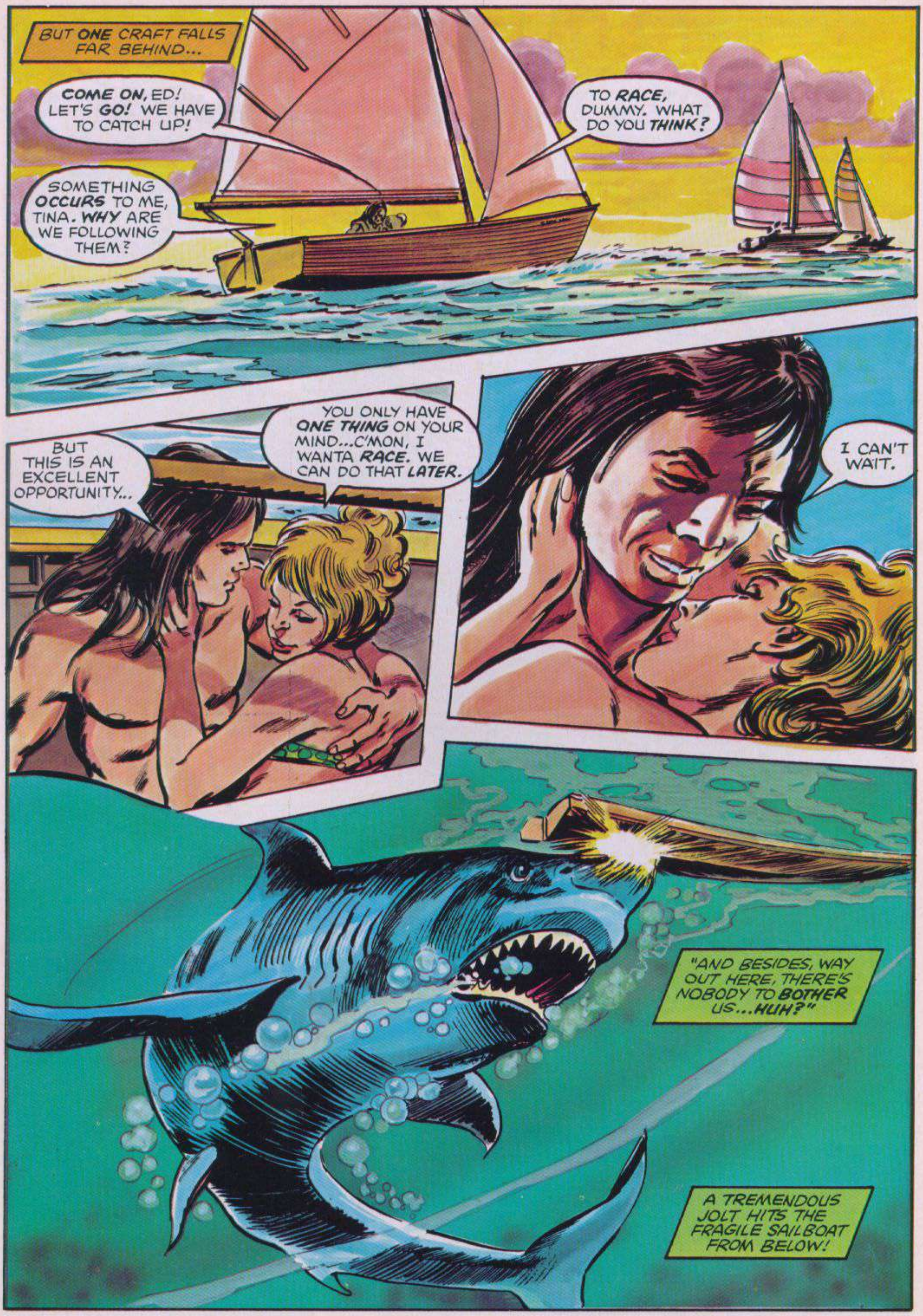

YOU CALL THIS ALONE?
DON'T WORRY, ANGELA--I'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT!
HEY, SEAN, HOW ABOUT BEING LOOKOUT TO MAKE SURE THE COAST IS CLEAR?
YOU BET, MIKE!
HI, LAURA! HI, KATHY! I BET YOU'RE JEALOUS BECAUSE MIKE'S TAKING THAT NEW YORK GIRL OUT ON THE BOAT!
"HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED...
AND OFF-SEASON, WHEN PRETTY VACATIONERS ARE GONE, LAURA IS MIKE'S GIRL FRIEND. A RELATIONSHIP SHE NATURALLY REGARDS AS LESS THAN IDYLLIC.
WELL, NOW WE'VE GOT THE ISLAND BROADCASTING SERVICE TELLING EVERYONE THAT MIKE THE SKUNK IS SAILING WITH HIS NEW CATCH!
SAY, ISN'T IT A GREAT DAY FOR SAILING?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I MEAN ...WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO FOR A SAIL?
AFTER ALL, IT'S A FREE OCEAN...AND YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOU'LL BUMP INTO!

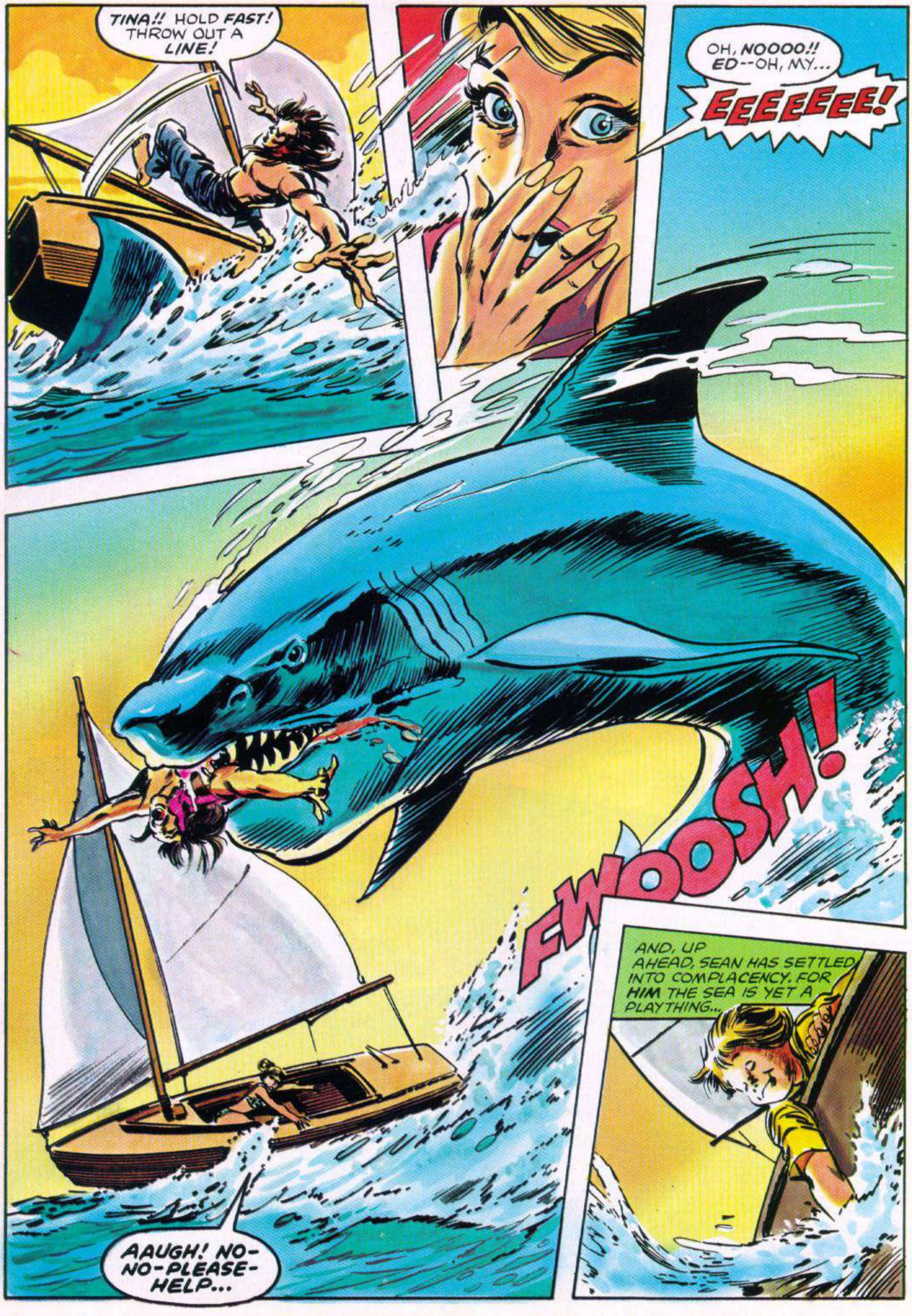

C'MON, BROOKE, MIKE'S GOTTA GET BACK!
DOCKSIDE, THE KIDS ARE READY TO SHOVE OFF...
A SUNNY DAY, A SNAPPY BREEZE, EVERYTHING'S PERFECT!..
...EXCEPT, FOR BROOKE, THE PROSPECT OF AN AFTERNOON WITH ANDY...
...WHO REMINDS HER OF AN OFFSHORE ISLAND ALL BY HIMSELF.
UH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M... UH-- GOING OUT WITH POLO HERE. DIDN'T WE HAVE A DATE?
AW...
HUH?
ANOTHER REJECTION.
HEY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. WHEN WE GET TO THE ISLAND, I'LL GET LOST...
HEY, MIKE, THE COAST IS CLEAR! CAN YOU PULL THE BOAT A LITTLE CLOSER?
SORRY, BUT THERE JUST ISN'T ROOM!
AND I HATE BLACKMAILERS!


THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SEAN, YOU CAN COME OUT WITH US.
AND YOU CAN BET WE'LL STICK CLOSE TO YOUR BROTHER ALL AFTERNOON!
GEE, THANKS!
HEY, MIKE! WHERE'RE YA GOIN'?
TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE...
WHAT'RE YOU TELLING THEM FOR?
OKAY! TO THE LIGHTHOUSE!
RACE YA THERE!
22555
AND THE IMPROMPTU RACE IS ON...
OH, THAT'S GREAT!
WE'LL LOSE THEM ANGELA.
...AND EVEN THE SEEMINGLY INVISIBLE CREW OF A SANDPIPER...
HEY, ED! TINA! C'MON TO THE LIGHTHOUSE!
...IS BECKONED FROM ITS REGULAR MISSION.
WHO'S THAT?

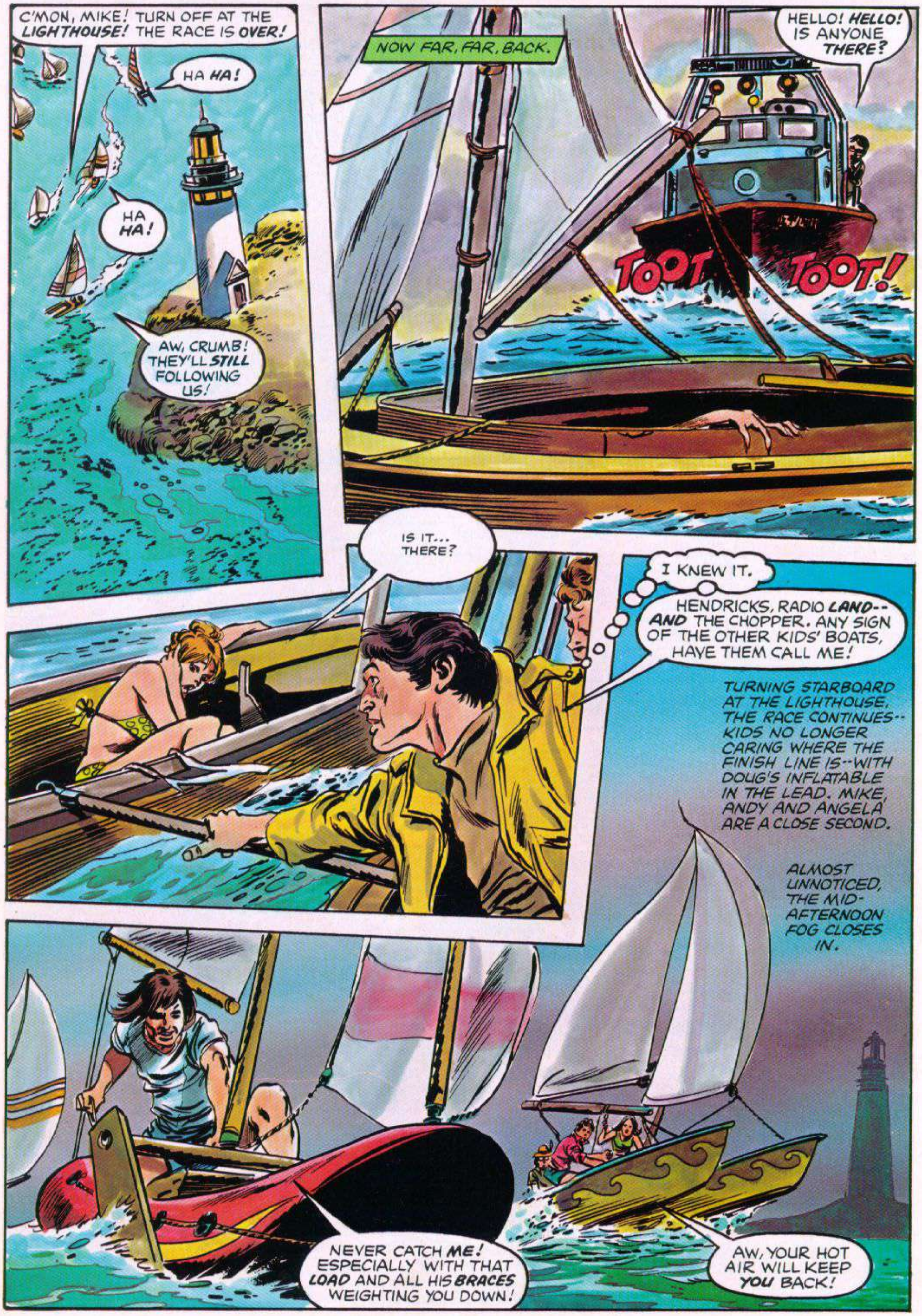

HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE LIGHTHOUSE WITH ME, BABE?
THIS IS FOR YOU-- I'LL RACE YA TO THE NUTHOUSE CREEP!
MEANWHILE THE DIVING CLASS HAS COME ASHORE, MET BY CHIEF BRODY AND THE AMBULANCE.
I'D SAY AN EMBOLISM. AIR BREAKING THROUGH INTO THE BLOODSTREAM-- BUBBLES REACHING HIS BRAIN...
THE WAY HE CAME UP WITHOUT EXHALING!
HOW COULD THAT HAPPEN, THOUGH? TOM WAS AN INSTRUCTOR, EXPERIENCED...
LOOK AT THIS. IT'S BITTEN THROUGH. THAT'S PANIC.
BRODY SCANS THE HORIZON, THE WATER, THE DOCKS...
...AND SEES SEAN'S ABANDONED BIKE...
...AND THE ABSENCE OF MIKE'S CATAMARAN!
"OH, NO," HE MOANS IN GRIM REALIZATION AND FEAR.


THE RACE IS ON!
...MUCH TO ANGELA'S DISMAY, HER SECRETIVE TRYST HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A MARATHON DASH WITH A DOZEN BOATS.
I'LL HELP!
NO! YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE. BE A GOOD BOY, NOW.
LIKE I'M A DOG.
HALF IN DISCONSOLATION, HALF IN REVENGE TO SLOW KATHY AND LAURA DOWN...
...SEAN PUTS HIS HAND IN THE WATER TO MAKE A WAKE...
AND DROPS IT DEEPER AND DEEPER...

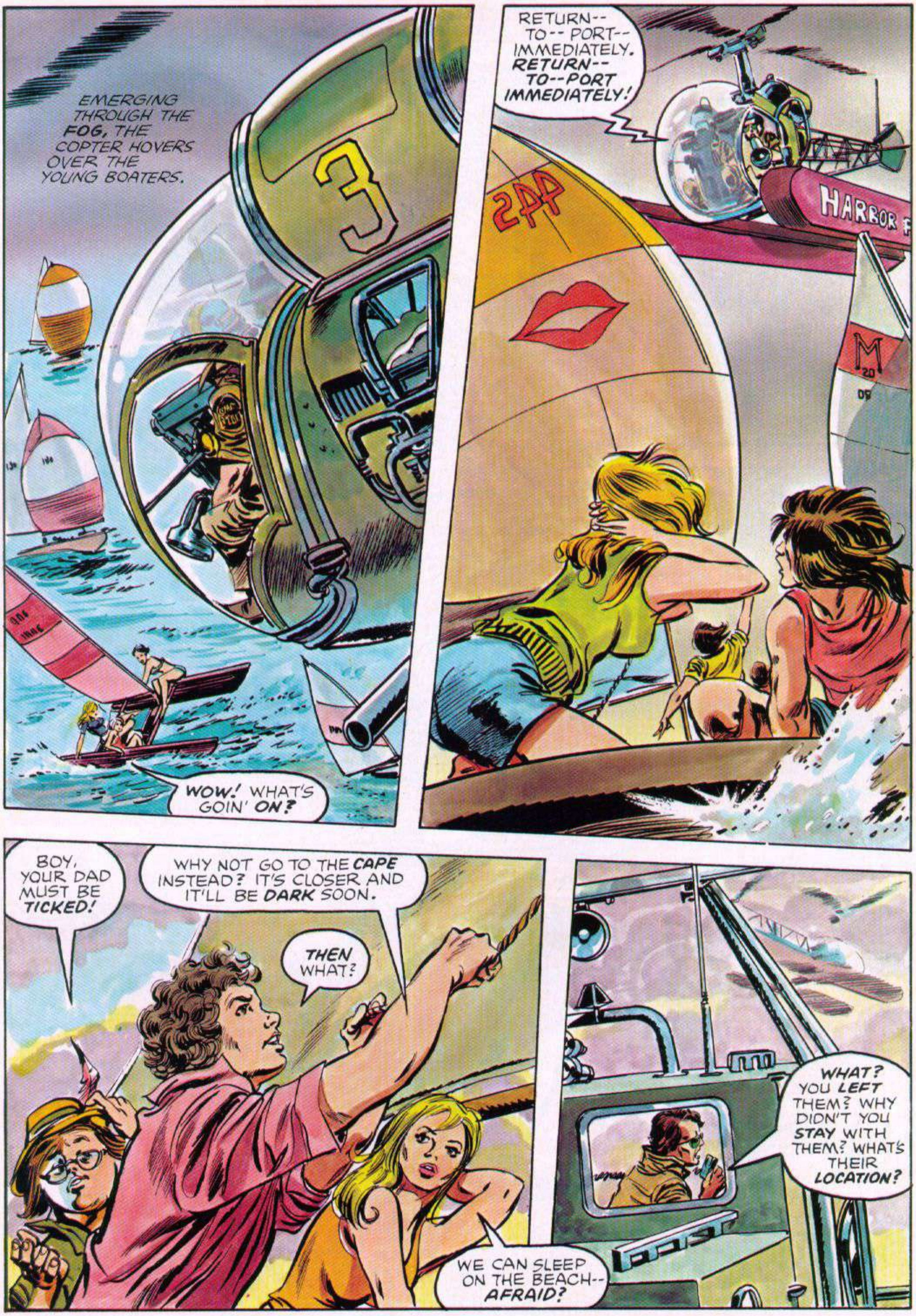

BUT ONE CRAFT FALLS FAR BEHIND...
COME ON, ED! LET'S GO! WE HAVE TO CATCH UP!
SOMETHING OCCURS TO ME, TINA. WHY ARE WE FOLLOWING THEM?
TO RACE, DUMMY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
BUT THIS IS AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY...
YOU ONLY HAVE ONE THING ON YOUR MIND...C'MON, I WANTA RACE. WE CAN DO THAT LATER.
I CAN'T WAIT.
"AND BESIDES, WAY OUT HERE, THERE'S NOBODY TO BOTHER US...HUH?"
A TREMENDOUS JOLT HITS THE FRAGILE SAILBOAT FROM BELOW!



TINA!! HOLD FAST! THROW OUT A LINE!
OH, NOOOO!! ED--OH, MY...
EEEEEEE!
FWOOSH!
AAUGH! NO-NO-PLEASE-HELP...
AND, UP AHEAD, SEAN HAS SETTLED INTO COMPLACENCY. FOR HIM THE SEA IS YET A PLAYTHING...

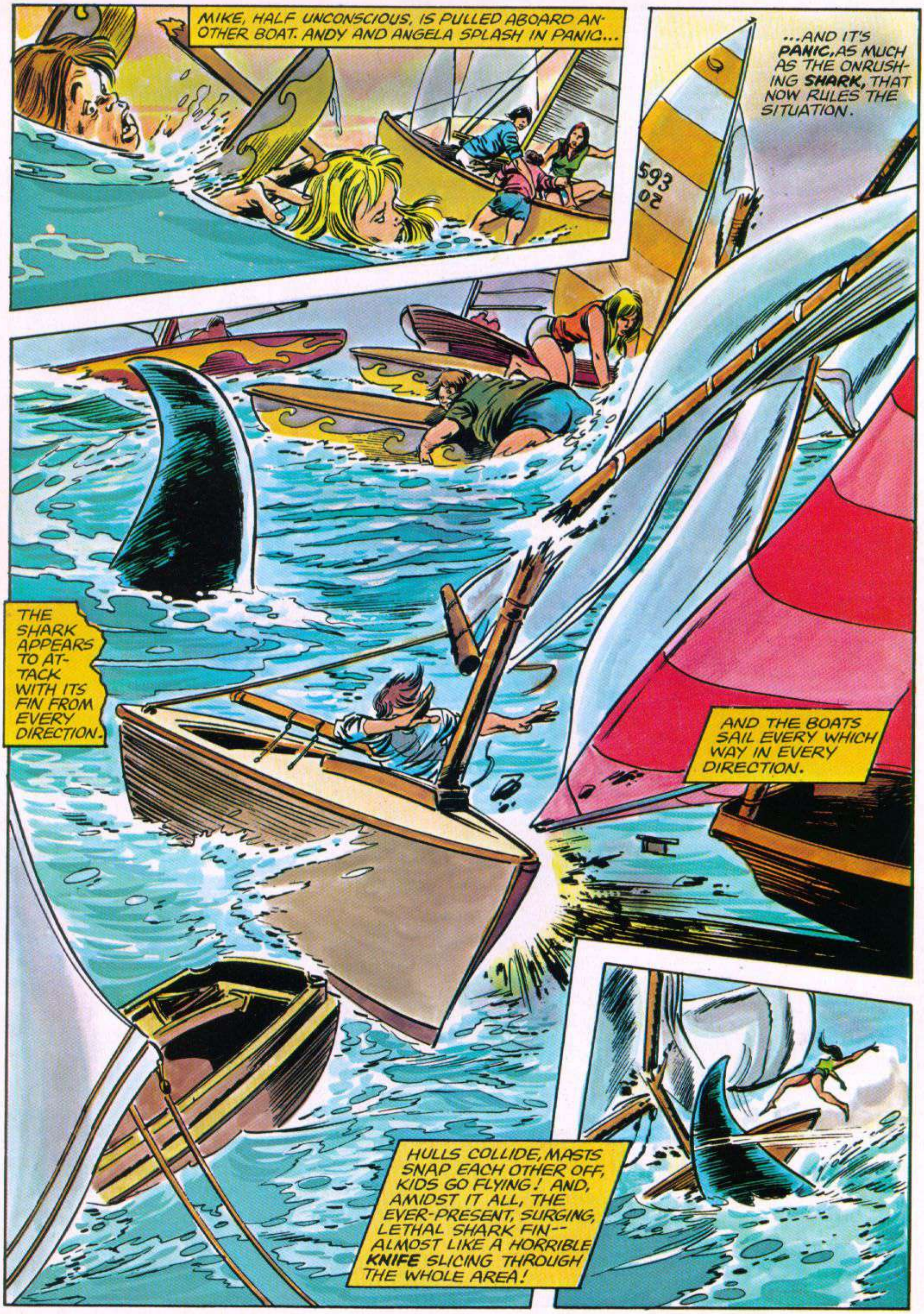

C'MON, MIKE! TURN OFF AT THE LIGHTHOUSE! THE RACE IS OVER!
HA HA!
HA HA!
AW, CRUMB! THEY'LL STILL FOLLOWING US!
NOW FAR, FAR, BACK.
HELLO! HELLO! IS ANYONE THERE?
TOOT TOOT!
IS IT... THERE?
I KNEW IT.
HENDRICKS, RADIO LAND-- AND THE CHOPPER. ANY SIGN OF THE OTHER KIDS' BOATS, HAVE THEM CALL ME!
TURNING STARBOARD AT THE LIGHTHOUSE, THE RACE CONTINUES-- KIDS NO LONGER CARING WHERE THE FINISH LINE IS--WITH DOUG'S INFLATABLE IN THE LEAD. MIKE, ANDY AND ANGELA ARE A CLOSE SECOND.
ALMOST UNNOTICED, THE MID-AFTERNOON FOG CLOSES IN.
NEVER CATCH ME! ESPECIALLY WITH THAT LOAD AND ALL HIS BRACES WEIGHTING YOU DOWN!
AW, YOUR HOT AIR WILL KEEP YOU BACK!


BRODY TO SHORE-- I'M AT THE LIGHTHOUSE...
THE FOG IS SETTING IN. THERE'S NO SIGN OF KIDS OR BOATS.
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A HUNCH AND HEAD TOWARD DUTCH HARBOR...
...THE WRONG WAY.
ON SHORE...
COME ON, TINA... LET HER THROUGH, FOLKS!
AMITY PD
IS ANDY OUT THERE? IS HE ALL RIGHT?
WHERE'S ED? TINA, WHERE'S MY BOY?
THERE THEY ARE! RADIO THE CHIEF--THEY SEEM TO BE RACING...
FOR WHAT?


EMERGING THROUGH THE FOG, THE COPTER HOVERS OVER THE YOUNG BOATERS.
3
WOW! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
RETURN-- TO-- PORT-- IMMEDIATELY. RETURN-- TO--PORT IMMEDIATELY!
HARBOR
BOY, YOUR DAD MUST BE TICKED!
WHY NOT GO TO THE CAPE INSTEAD? IT'S CLOSER AND IT'LL BE DARK SOON.
THEN WHAT?
WE CAN SLEEP ON THE BEACH-- AFRAID?
WHAT? YOU LEFT THEM? WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY WITH THEM? WHAT'S THEIR LOCATION?

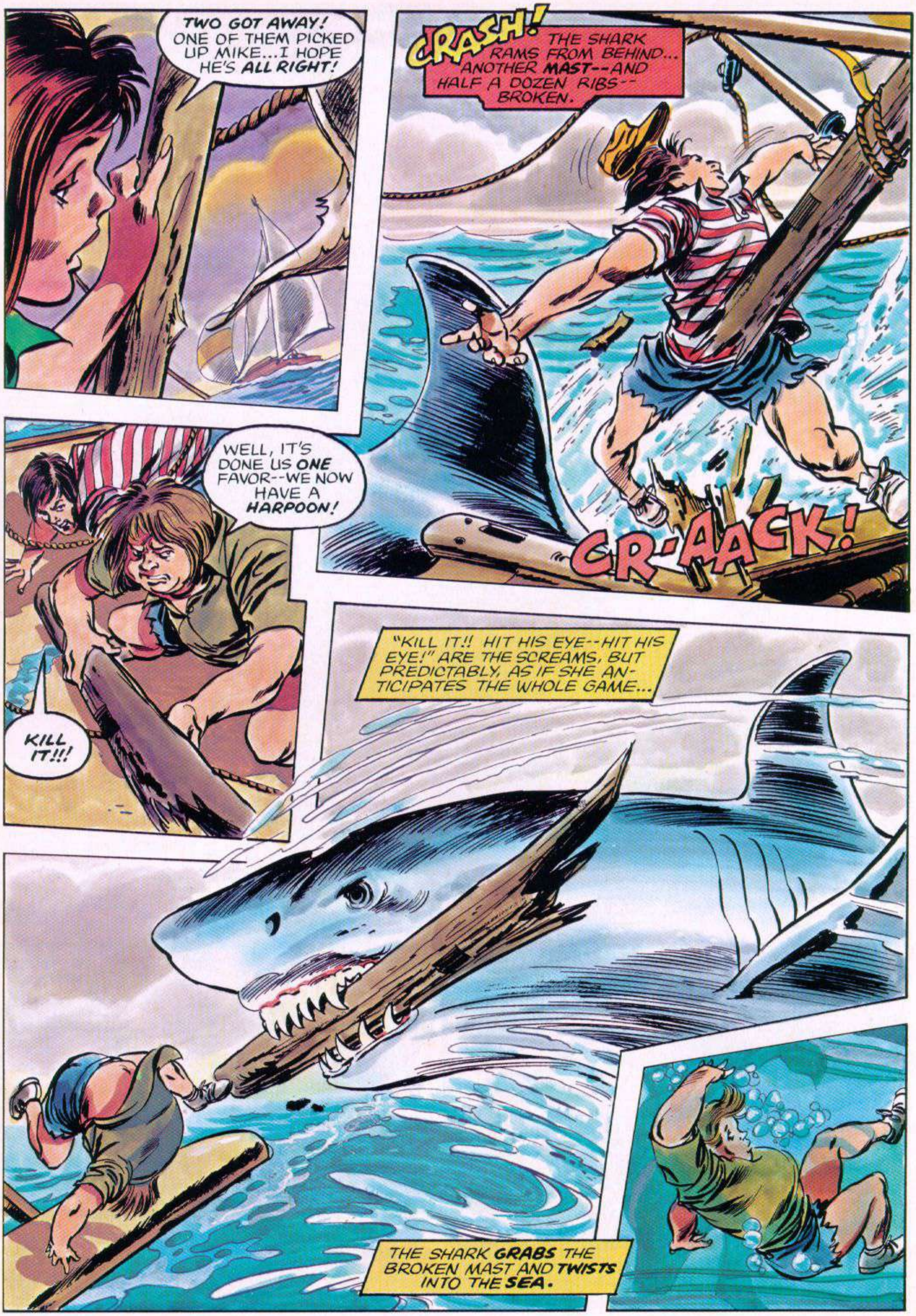


LOSING HIS LEAD IN THE RACE IS DOUG, WHO PUMPS TO REPAIR HIS LEAKY INFLATABLE...
WHEN SUDDENLY...
HOLY SHIRT!
AUUUGH!
SPLUNSH!
SWIM! FASTER!!
BLEEEEP
ANDY HELPS DOUG ABOARD WHILE WHISTLING ALARM TO THE OTHER BOATS...
AS IF THEY HADN'T NOTICED.
AND THE NEXT ATTACK INVITES EVEN MORE ATTENTION.
WOOSH
SPLAASH
CRUNCH

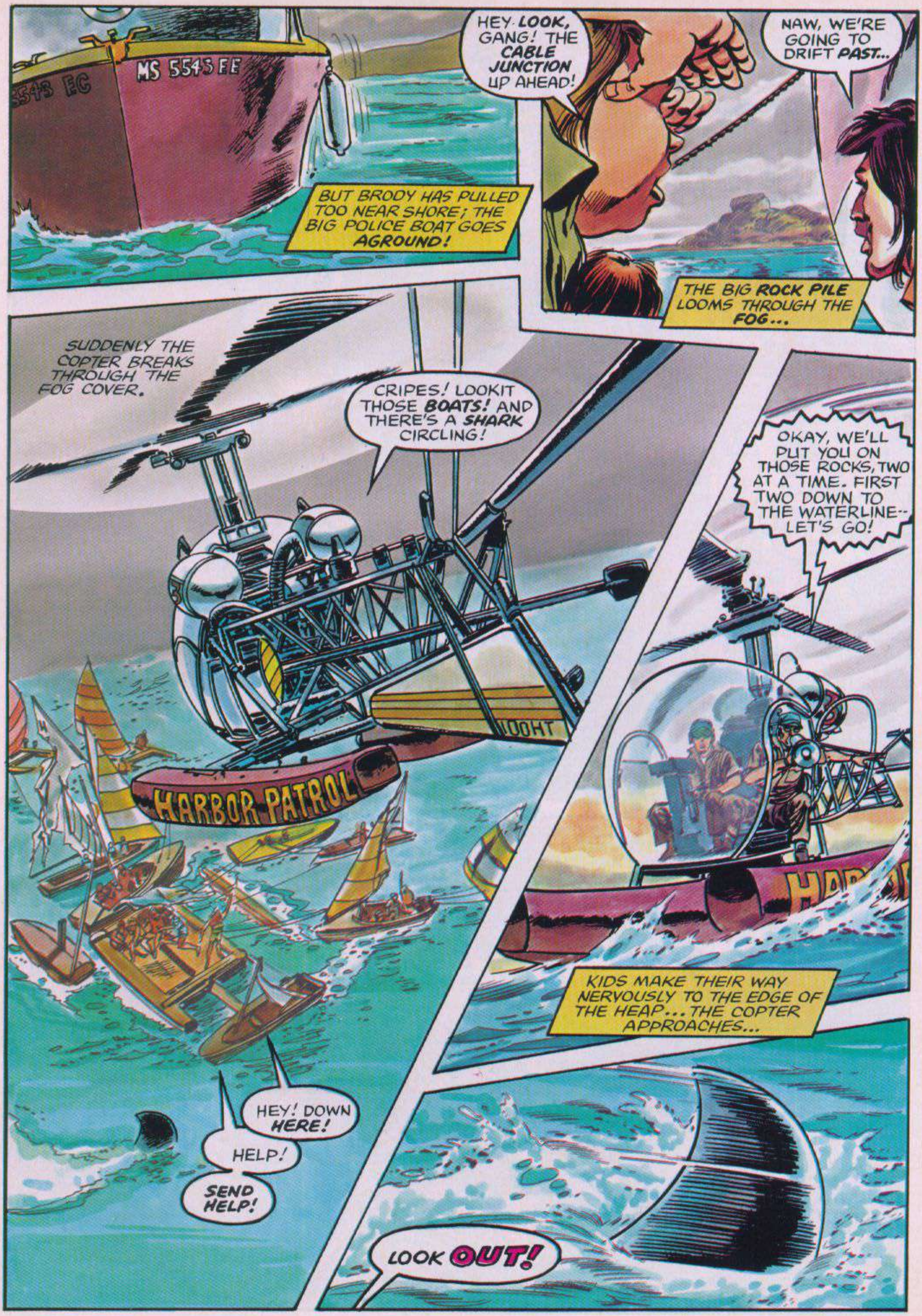


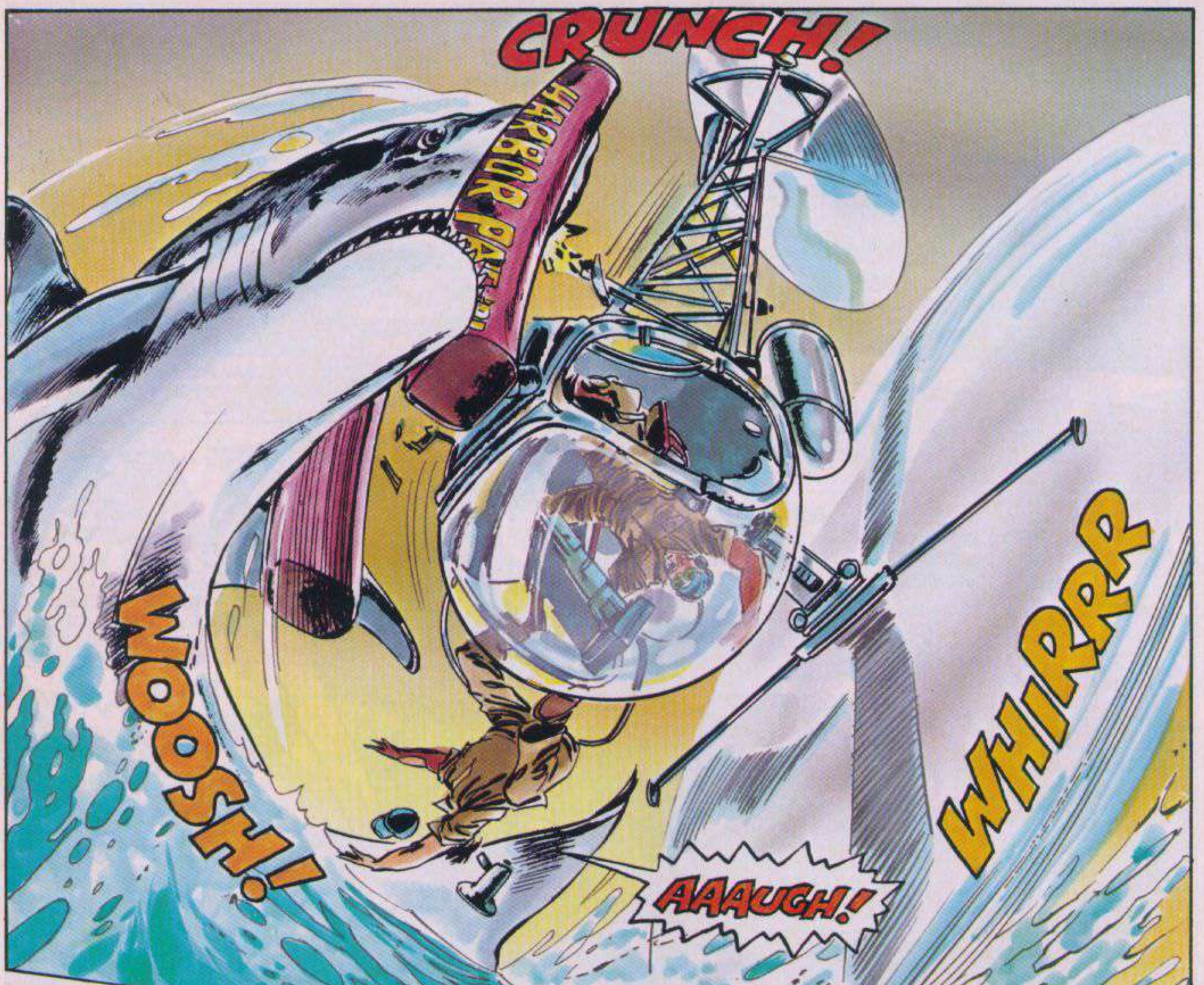
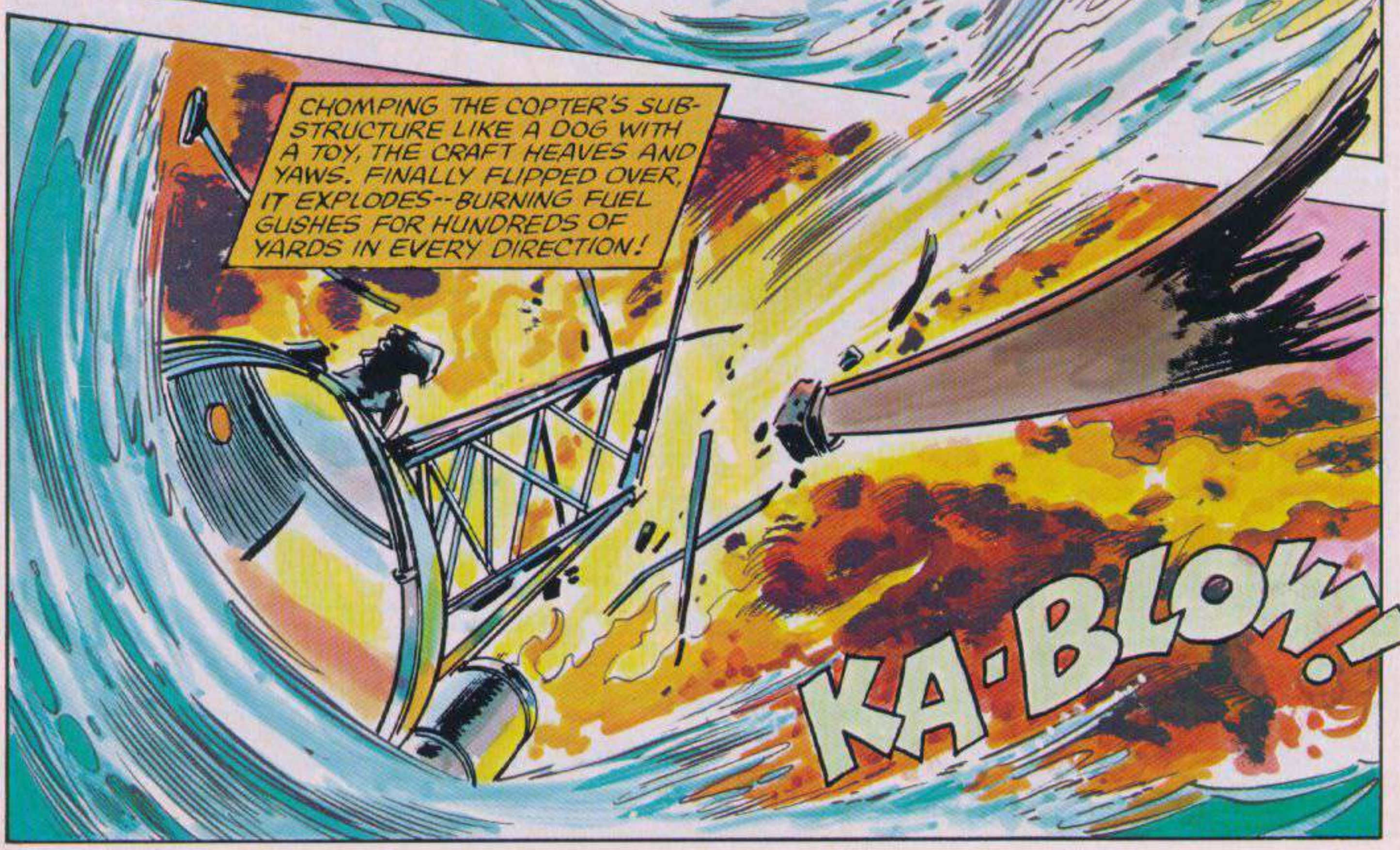
MIKE, HALF UNCONSCIOUS, IS PULLED ABOARD ANOTHER BOAT. ANDY AND ANGELA SPLASH IN PANIC...
...AND IT'S PANIC, AS MUCH AS THE ONRUSHING SHARK, THAT NOW RULES THE SITUATION.
593 02
THE SHARK APPEARS TO ATTACK WITH ITS FIN FROM EVERY DIRECTION.
AND THE BOATS SAIL EVERY WHICH WAY IN EVERY DIRECTION.
HULLS COLLIDE, MASTS SNAP EACH OTHER OFF, KIDS GO FLYING! AND, AMIDST IT ALL, THE EVER-PRESENT, SURGING, LETHAL SHARK FIN-- ALMOST LIKE A HORRIBLE KNIFE SLICING THROUGH THE WHOLE AREA!


OCCASIONALLY, THE SHARK CLAIMS A VICTIM...
AND BOTH SHE AND THE KIDS KNOW THAT HER WHIM IS THE ONLY DETERMINENT OF WHEN AND WHERE SHE WILL SUCCESS-FULLY STRIKE!
IN A LULL, THE KIDS FIND THAT THEY ARE LEFT AT THE MERCY OF TWO LOOSE PILES OF WRECKAGE...
IS ANY-BODY HURT?
COME ON! TIE ALL THIS JUNK TOGETHER!! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
WHAM!
AND, OF COURSE, THEY ARE STILL AT THE MERCY OF THE SHARK.
SMASH!
WATCH OUT! IT'S GOING TO HIT AG...

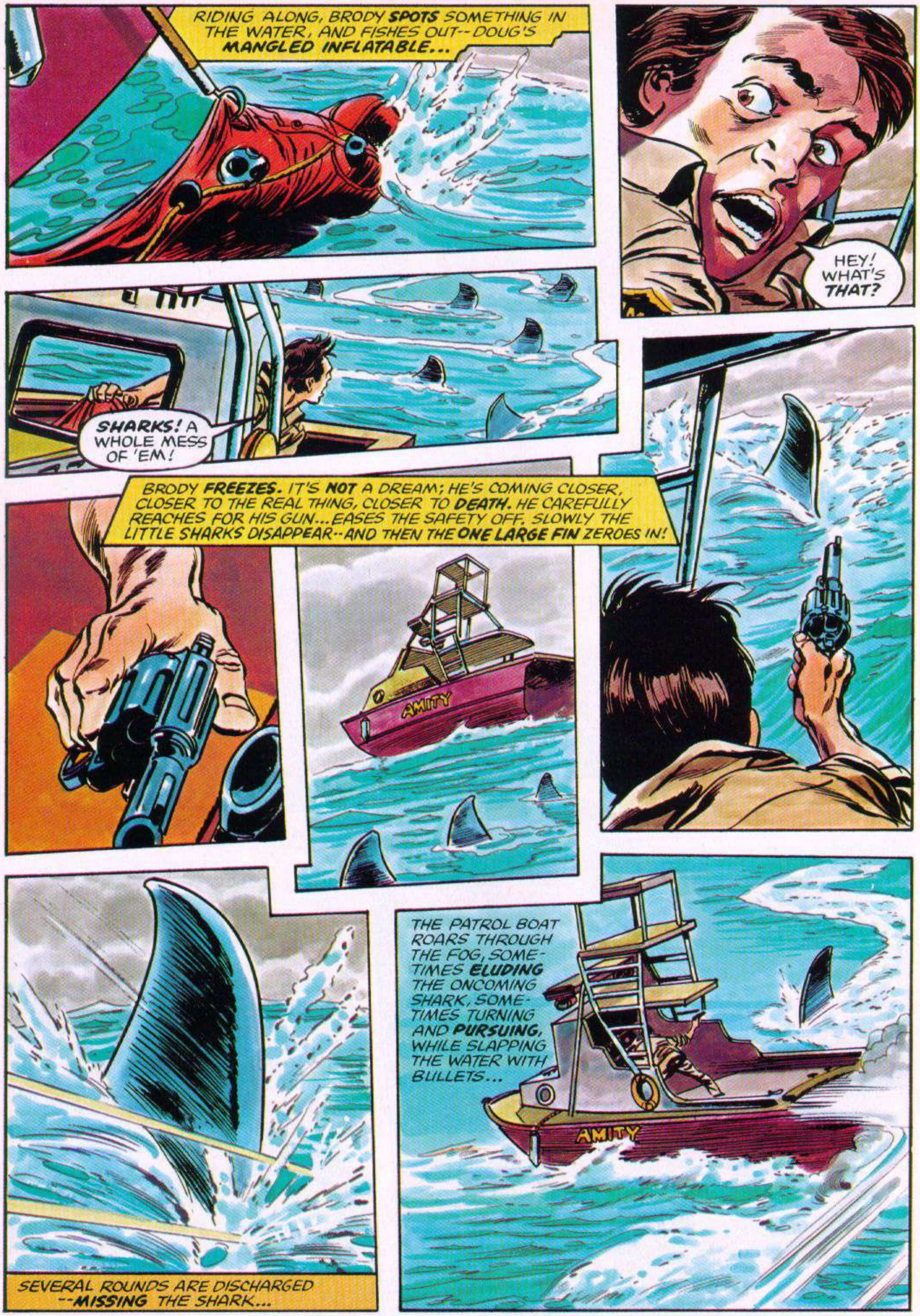

TWO GOT AWAY! ONE OF THEM PICKED UP MIKE...I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!
CRASH!
THE SHARK RAMS FROM BEHIND... ANOTHER MAST--AND HALF A DOZEN RIBS--BROKEN.
CR-AACK!
WELL, IT'S DONE US ONE FAVOR--WE NOW HAVE A HARPOON!
KILL IT!!!
"KILL IT!! HIT HIS EYE--HIT HIS EYE!" ARE THE SCREAMS, BUT PREDICTABLY, AS IF SHE ANTICIPATES THE WHOLE GAME...
THE SHARK GRABS THE BROKEN MAST AND TWISTS INTO THE SEA.


THE "ISLAND" OF FEAR NOW ALSO BECOMES AN ISLAND OF PAIN...
IS HE ALL RIGHT?
OOW-- OW--MY SIDE--
PULL ANDY IN!
THE COPTER OUGHTA BE HERE AGAIN...
LAY DOWN ON THE CANVAS...
YEAH, EXCEPT THIS FOG'S COMIN' IN PRETTY THICK!
WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THIS THING TOGETHER...
MAYBE IT'S HAD ENOUGH.
WHAT IF THEY DON'T EVER HAVE ENOUGH?
NEAR WINTER ISLAND, BRODY'S PD BOAT REDUCES SPEED. THERE ARE TWO SAILBOATS AND FOUR FORMS ON THE BEACH...
MIKE? SEAN?
MIKE! THANK GOD! WHERE'S SEAN?
THEY'RE BETWEEN HERE AND THE CAPE!
AMITY
THERE'S A SHARK OUT THERE!
MIKE QUICKLY TELLS HIS STORY...
MAYDAY! MAYDAY!
--SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE ISLAND AND THE CAPE! SEND THE CHOPPER OUT AND TELL ME WHERE I'LL GET TO THEM...

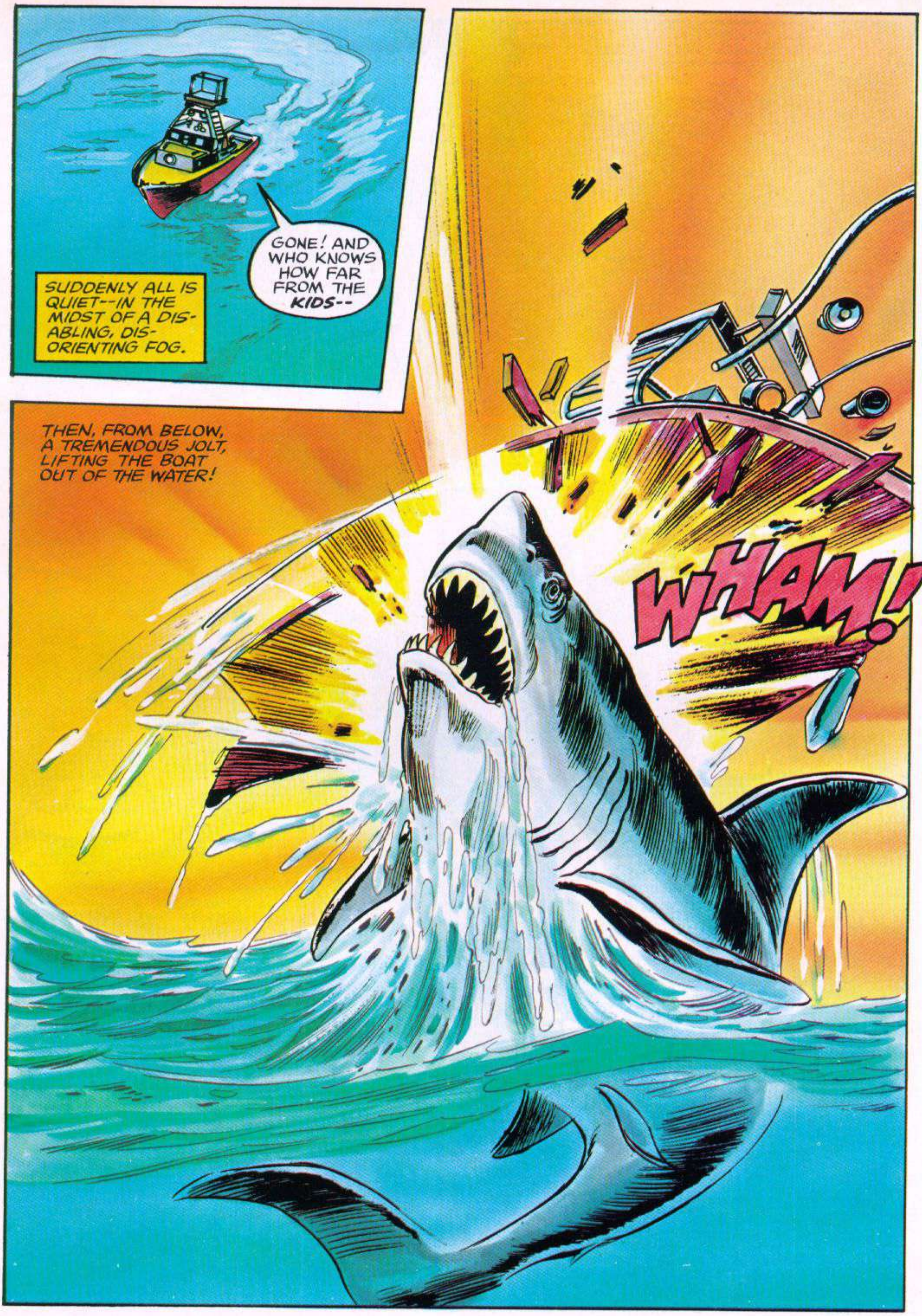

MS 5543 FE
5543 EC
BUT BRODY HAS PULLED TOO NEAR SHORE; THE BIG POLICE BOAT GOES AGROUND!
HEY, LOOK, GANG! THE CABLE JUNCTION UP AHEAD!
NAW, WE'RE GOING TO DRIFT PAST...
THE BIG ROCK PILE LOOMS THROUGH THE FOG...
SUDDENLY THE COPTER BREAKS THROUGH THE FOG COVER.
CRIPES! LOOKIT THOSE BOATS! AND THERE'S A SHARK CIRCLING!
HARBOR PATROL
HEY! DOWN HERE!
HELP!
SEND HELP!
OKAY, WE'LL PUT YOU ON THOSE ROCKS, TWO AT A TIME. FIRST TWO DOWN TO THE WATERLINE-- LET'S GO!
KIDS MAKE THEIR WAY NERVOUSLY TO THE EDGE OF THE HEAP... THE COPTER APPROACHES...
LOOK OUT!


CRUNCH!
HARBOR PATROL
WOOSH!
WHIRRR
AAAUGH!

CHOMPING THE COPTER'S SUB-STRUCTURE LIKE A DOG WITH A TOY, THE CRAFT HEAVES AND YAWS. FINALLY FLIPPED OVER, IT EXPLODES--BURNING FUEL GUSHES FOR HUNDREDS OF YARDS IN EVERY DIRECTION!
KA-BLOW!


THE WHOLE AREA-- WATER AND ALL--IS ALIVE WITH FLAMES!
CANVAS, TARPS AND SAILS ARE USED FRANTICALLY TO SMOTHER THE FLAMES.
IT'S TOO HOT! WE'LL BURN ALIVE--I'M TAKING MY CHANCES WITH THE WATER--
MEANWHILE, BRODY AND THE KIDS WORK TO ROCK THE PATROL BOAT AFLOAT...
CHIEF! THE CHOPPER'S GONE DEAD --IT'S NOT ANSWERING, ALL OF A SUDDEN!
AMITY
THERE! NOW, GO BACK TO SHORE, MIKE!
BUT, DAD, I HAVE TO HELP YOU--I DISOBEYED...
NO!!
LOOK--MIKE--I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. AT LEAST I'LL KNOW YOU'RE SAFE--STAY HERE, PLEASE.



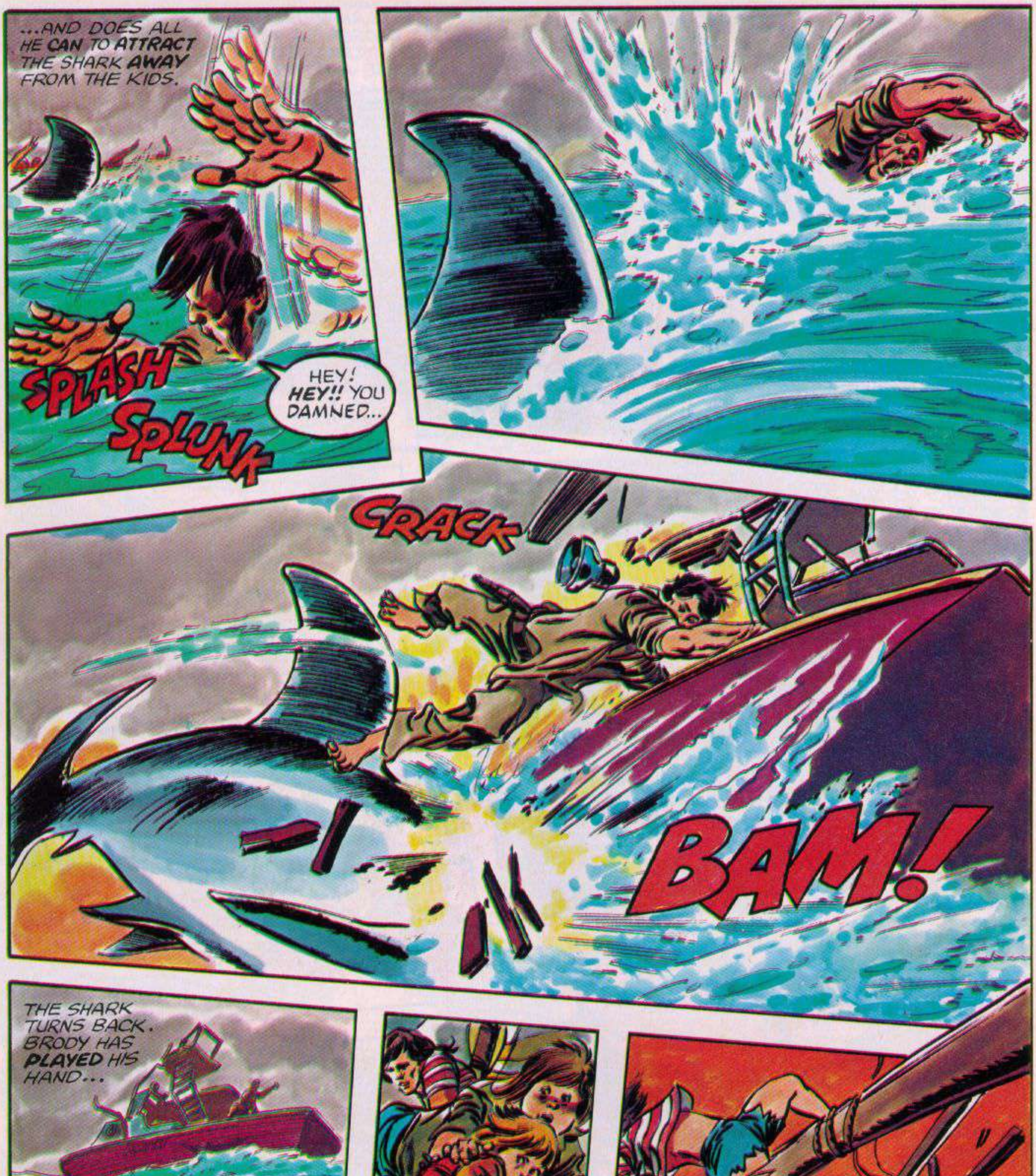
RIDING ALONG, BRODY SPOTS SOMETHING IN THE WATER, AND FISHES OUT--DOUG'S MANGLED INFLATABLE...
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?
SHARKS! A WHOLE MESS OF 'EM!
BRODY FREEZES. IT'S NOT A DREAM; HE'S COMING CLOSER, CLOSER TO THE REAL THING, CLOSER TO DEATH. HE CAREFULLY REACHES FOR HIS GUN... EASES THE SAFETY OFF. SLOWLY THE LITTLE SHARKS DISAPPEAR--AND THEN THE ONE LARGE FIN ZEROES IN!
AMITY
SEVERAL ROUNDS ARE DISCHARGED --MISSING THE SHARK...
THE PATROL BOAT ROARS THROUGH THE FOG, SOMETIMES ELUDING THE ONCOMING SHARK, SOMETIMES TURNING AND PURSUING, WHILE SLAPPING THE WATER WITH BULLETS...
AMITY

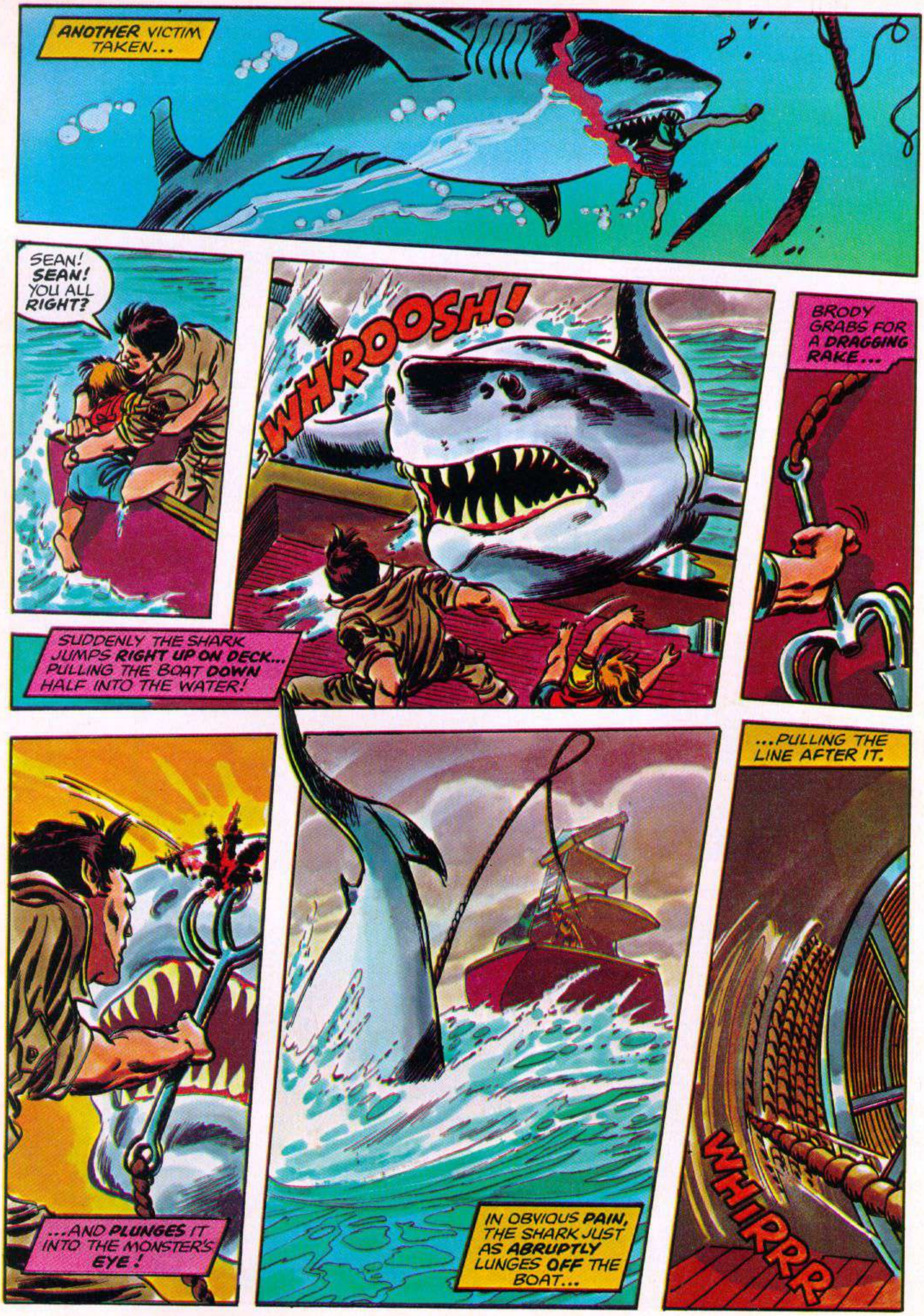

SUDDENLY ALL IS QUIET--IN THE MIDST OF A DISABLING, DISORIENTING FOG.
GONE! AND WHO KNOWS HOW FAR FROM THE KIDS--
THEN, FROM BELOW, A TREMENDOUS JOLT, LIFTING THE BOAT OUT OF THE WATER!
WHAM!



THE HULL IS JOLTED, BRODY GOES FLYING, AND THE GUN...
...IS LOST IN THE SEA...
YOU SON OF A GUN!
AMITY POLICE
FLOATING AIMLESSLY, BLIND WITH RAGE, BRODY'S SENSES GO STONE-STILL-- HE HEARS A SIGNAL--AND SEES A STRANGE SILHOUETTE.
BLEEEEP
HE STARTS THE ENGINE AND PULLS CLOSER. THE KIDS!
CATCH THE LIFESAVER!
BIND IT TO THE PONTOON, ANDY!
LOOK OUT! THE SHARK!
MAKE IT TIGHT AND I'LL PULL YOUR --ISLAND-- TO THE CABLE JUNCTION...
ANDY MANAGES TO PULL THE LINE BACK IN TIME... AS THE BOUND WRECKAGE SUSTAINS ANOTHER BLOW!
WHAM!
EEEEEK!
OOF!


BRODY ASSESSES THE SITUATION:
SO NEAR...
...YET SO DAMN FAR!
AND I'LL RUN AGROUND AGAIN IF I GET CLOSER TO THEM. I'VE GOT TO SWING THEM NEAR THE JUNCTION!
THE KIDS' WRECK, NOW HELD TOGETHER MOSTLY BY HOPES AND FEARS...
...STRAINS AND CREAKS AS THE ROPE PULLS TAUT.
THE SHARK AGAIN!
SMRAK!
CREAK
SMASH!
THAT'S IT! IT'S BREAKING UP!
SWIM FOR THE CABLE JUNCTION, KIDS!
WITHOUT DEBATING DUTY OR DESPERATION, BRODY LUNGES IN THE WATER...


...AND DOES ALL HE CAN TO ATTRACT THE SHARK AWAY FROM THE KIDS.
SPLASH
SPLUNK
HEY! HEY!! YOU DAMNED...
CRACK
BAM!
THE SHARK TURNS BACK. BRODY HAS PLAYED HIS HAND...
SEAN, ANDY AND REEVES ARE STILL ON A PIECE OF WRECKAGE...
BLAM!


ANOTHER VICTIM TAKEN...
SEAN! SEAN! YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHROOSH!
SUDDENLY THE SHARK JUMPS RIGHT UP ON DECK... PULLING THE BOAT DOWN HALF INTO THE WATER!
BRODY GRABS FOR A DRAGGING RAKE...
...AND PLUNGES IT INTO THE MONSTER'S EYE!
IN OBVIOUS PAIN, THE SHARK JUST AS ABRUPTLY LUNGES OFF THE BOAT...
...PULLING THE LINE AFTER IT.
WHIRRR



BRODY TRIES TO THROW THE WINCH INTO REVERSE.
BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO GREAT. FRICTION IS TREMENDOUS AND THE BOAT'S ELECTRICAL SYSTEM SHORTS OUT!
WHAT TH'--? HOLY SHIRT! I'M HOOKED ONTO THE CABLE!
HE IS. AND THE BOAT IS PULLED HALFWAY IN THE WATER.
SEAN!!
C'MON, DADDY-- THE RAFT!
WOOSH!
THE SHARK!
JUST THEN...


GOTTA--
GET-- BEHIND--
THE CABLE...
THE--
CABLE!!
COME ON...
COME ON...



THE END

A UNIVERSAL picture

Produced by .... Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown
Directed by .... Jeannot Szwarc
Written by .... Carl Gottleib and Howard Sackler
Based on characters created by .... Peter Benchley
Director of Photography .... Michael Butler
Edited by .... Neil Travis
Music by .... John Williams
This version written by .... Dorothy Tristan and Howard Sackler

A MARVEL Super Special®

Presented by .... Stan Lee
Edited by .... Richard Marschall
Associate Editor .... Ralph Macchio
Written by .... Richard Marschall
Art and Layouts by .... Gene Colan
Finishes and Colors by .... Tom Palmer
Lettering by .... Irv Watanabe
Cover Painting by .... Bob Larkin

* * *

Editor-in-Chief, Marvel Comics Group .... Jim Shooter
Production Manager .... Len Grow
Design .... Davida Lichter-Dale

Staff and Thanks: Linda Richman, Jo Duffy, David Cohen, Mike Higgins, Marie Severin, Sol Brodsky, John Romita, Jr., Jim Salicrup, Steve Swires, Milt Pike, and, at Universal, Steve Adler, Loretta Sifuentes, Paulette Stafford, Eric Naumann

"FROM THE 'JAWS' OF DISASTER BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH"

Continued from inside front cover

water.

SWIRES: How did you handle the other built-in problems with a sequel?

SZWARC: I did a lot of homework on sequels. When you do a sequel, everybody always measures it against the first one. There are two ways to make a sequel. One way is to be totally different and totally original, like "French Connection II," which was a very interesting picture but had nothing to do with the first one. The other way is to repeat the same elements, but with enough difference and originality so that it doesn't look like a rip-off.

Let's face it—"Jaws 2" is not a picture that's going to be studied in film schools for years to come, and that applies to the first one as well. It's a Barnum and Bailey kind of film—it's broad entertainment, and there's nothing wrong with that.

The first assumption I made was that everybody who would see the sequel would have seen the original. Therefore, there should be no flashbacks. That meant the picture had to work on its own merits. My second assumption was that, at least subconsciously, the audience would want to see more of the shark—not in terms of screen time, but in terms of doing more extraordinary things. In "Jaws" they didn't show the shark for the first half of the movie, which turned out to be an extraordinary artistic decision. Originally, however, they *wanted* to show the shark, but because of mechanical problems they had to change their intention. When I took over "Jaws 2," all the people on it who had also been involved with the first one told me not to show the shark again for the first half. If I had followed their advice, everybody would have accused me of taking the original and formulatizing it with a different story into a total rip-off, because the audience already knew about the shark and had already seen it.

SWIRES: You faced an even greater challenge in attempting to satisfy an audience that had also seen "The Deep" and "Orca," in addition to "Jaws."

SZWARC: I went for something else. There's much more physical excitement in "Jaws 2," especially in the last thirty-five minutes. What we're talking about now is potatoes and caviar. They're not the same thing, but that doesn't mean that potatoes are bad. I'm capable of extraordinary intellectuality, but "Jaws 2" wasn't that kind of a picture. In terms of craft, I think it was well done—the photography by Michael Butler, was beautiful, the editing by Neil Travis, was superb, and the general level of acting was convincing. To be factual, the script was completely rewritten by Carl Gottleib and Howard Sackler.

SWIRES: Could you describe some of the problems that occurred in shooting the picture?

SZWARC: The problems occurred because what the shark had to do was so complicated. The helicopter scene, for example, was a nightmare. First of all, it was laughable on paper. Everybody read it and said: "We're never going to get that." In addition, we were out on the water a lot more than the first picture was. For the sequence in which all the boats ran into each other and turned over, we had to anchor every sailboat for its first position and for its final position, then run underwater lines for the trajectory, then put the shark in, then put the four cameras on various boats, and then hope the wind wouldn't change, because every time it did we had to start from scratch.

SWIRES: How did it happen that the shark would work on some days and not work on others, when you spent so much money and hired so many expert technicians?

SZWARC: How come doctors can perform delicate heart transplants, but can't cure the common cold? It's the same thing. We were dealing with a machine that was displacing about two tons of water. Water is the heaviest thing there is, and it was the salt water, which means the corrosion was unbelievable. Also we were dealing with problems of floatation. The water and the tides changed all the time. It wasn't as if we could press a button and the shark would work automatically. It was all done by hydraulics and remote control. The shark was on an arm, which was attached to a platform that was on the bottom of the sea. The arm moved on the platform, either rising or lowering. Even if we had a perfect shark, the perimiters kept on changing. We couldn't even experiment with it, not until we were really doing it.

SWIRES: Did you personally supervise the underwater sequences by diving along with the cast and crew?

SZWARC: I did some diving, and some of it I had to farm out to a second unit, under Joe Alves, the production designer/associate producer. Since the picture had a release date before it was even started, we began editing and doing post-production while we were still shooting. The only pressure we were under, because we had calculated it, was that we had to get out of Florida before Christmas, or we would never make our June 16th release date. As it happened, we left Florida on December 23rd.

SWIRES: Why was it necessary to shoot in Florida, if the conditions there were so uncertain?

SZWARC: So much of the picture took place on the water that shooting at

a conversation with jeannot szwarc interviewed by steve swires

Martha's Vineyard was out of the question, just because of the water temperature. Also, we needed a depth of exactly thirty-two feet for the shark platform, and a minimum of tide. Finally, in that particular area of Florida there was a beach that looked very much like Amity Island.

SWIRES: What was the final budget of the film?

SZWARC: The original budget was $14 million. They had already spent a lot of money before I got into the act, and I don't know what the final cost was, because all the figures aren't in yet.

SWIRES: In retrospect, can you justify the film as a legitimate entity, or should it be viewed as just a sequel?

SZWARC: What you're really talking about is prejudice against sequels, which only pertains to films and mostly to American critics, In classical music and classical literature sequels have existed for centuries. Shakespeare wrote about five plays in which Falstaff was a character. Alexander Dumas wrote sequels until they came out of his ears.

"Jaws 2" is a much better picture than anybody realizes. As time goes by, I think it will be recognized as such. The reviews of the film were identical to the reviews of "Jaws." Vincent Canby of "The New York Times," who now said the first one was great and Steven Spielberg is terrific, actually said the first was lousy and Steve was a television director who never should have made films. There's a difference between memory and actuality. When people talk about films they saw three or four years ago, it's like when they reminisce about their childhood—in retrospect everything seems better.

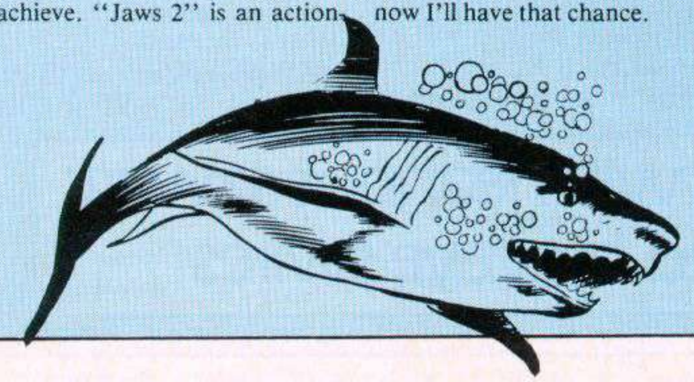
I don't understand why people approached this picture so seriously. It's a fantasy, a monster movie—it's "Godzilla," except that it had top money and top talent. I used to be a film critic in my younger days, but now I have a very common sense approach toward film—I judge every film according to what it tries to achieve. "Jaws 2" is an action-adventure film, and should be seen in that light.

SWIRES: How well do you think you succeeded in achieving what you intended?

SZWARC: I think "Jaws 2" is a very good sequel. You don't have to have seen the first one to enjoy it. I think it delivers. I'm not saying the delivery is as elegant or as sophisticated or as subtle as in the original, but then I totally committed myself to a non-subtle approach. As a matter of fact, I had a motto written above the editor's bench: "Subtlety is the picture's worst enemy." It's not that I'm not capable of subtlety, but if I'm going to make "Jaws 2" then I'm functioning as a craftsman, and must adjust myself to the nature of the material. If you do "The Big Sleep," for example, and have everybody speaking in verse, it would be ridiculous.

SWIRES: It seems to me that you're infinitely more intelligent, more tasteful, and more sophisticated than the material you've been given to work with so far. Do you feel creatively constrained by the assignments you've handled till now, and are there more ambitious projects you'd like to direct?

SWARC: Absolutely. I had some projects before that I showed around, but nobody wanted to do them. Now after "Jaws 2" people are suddenly saying: "Okay, we'll do whatever you want." That's the main reason I took "Jaws 2." There *are* other kinds of films I'd like to do, but basically I'm a craftsman, not an artist. Film is not a pure individual art form anyway, despite what the French critics say. A filmmaker is somebody who tells a story in images. If you have a terrific story, then you can translate it much better. To proclaim film as a non-collective pure art form is intellectual snobbism. Basically film is a mass art, and a mass medium. I don't want to make films that only twenty people will appreciate, no matter how intelligent and sophisticated they are. I would like to make movies that everybody can enjoy, and hopefully now I'll have that chance.



an editorial

A brief word about this property and the staff.

JAWS 2, following on its antecedent, one of the truly great movies of history, is destined to be the biggest movie of 1978 or any other season. We feel that this comic, based on characters appearing in the movie, captures well the excitement and color of the JAWS 2 screen thriller.

"Color" is a word on which we should make a departure, because the JAWS 2 Super Special, our first comic magazine reproduced in exclusive MARVELCOLOR, marks a new phase in comics publishing. Working off the great visual shots and outdoor scenes of the Universal movie, artists Gene Colan and Tom Palmer actually *painted* their original drawings—achieving the lush effects of water shades, gentle shadows and harsh explosions. Various media were used, including Dr. Martin's watercolor dyes and color airbrush.

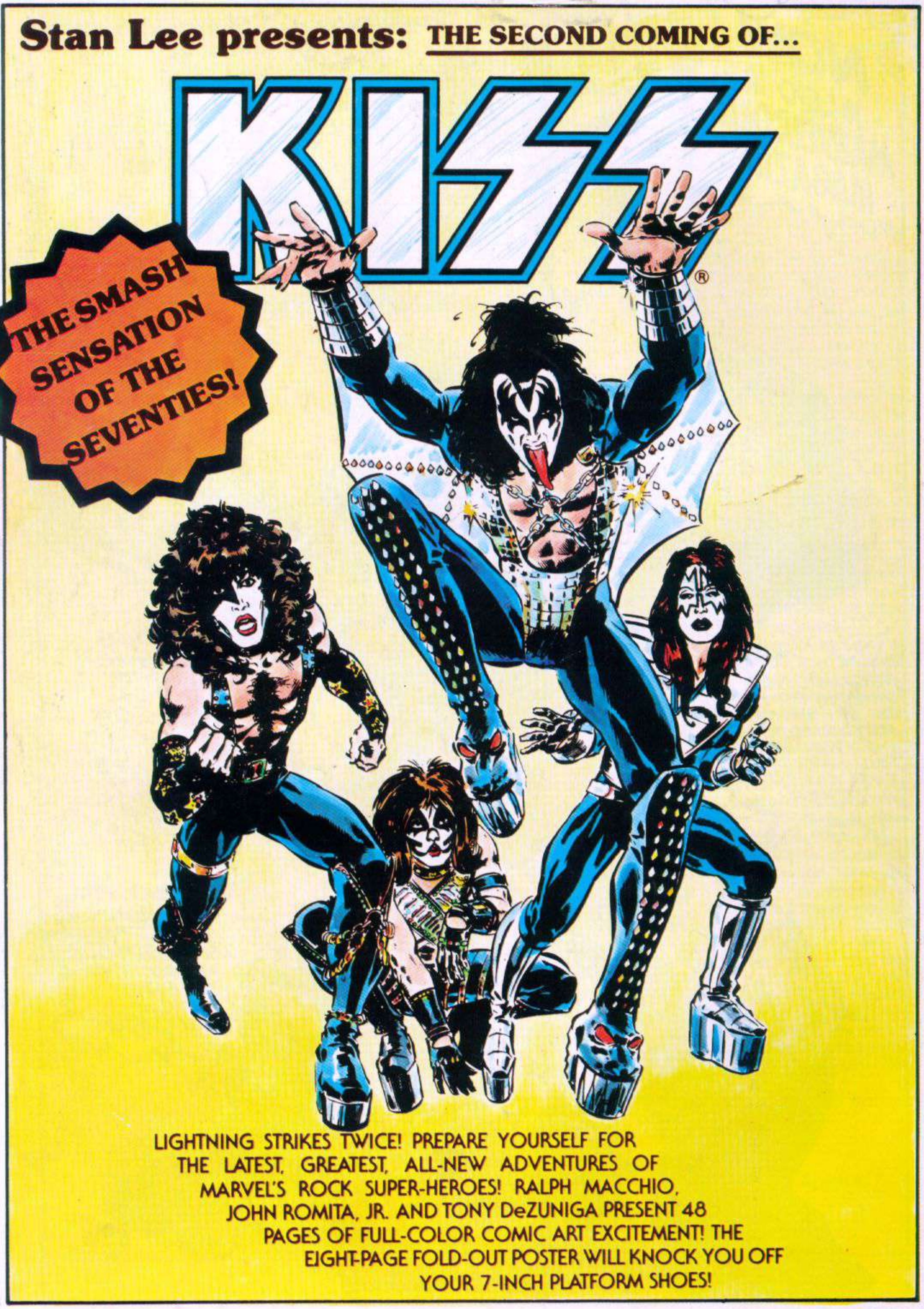
The entire project encompassed the following process: The writer adapted a version of the shooting script provided by Universal Studios, Gene Colan laid out the visuals in pencils, the writer again took the project and added dialog and captions, and Tom Palmer rendered the finished art in inks and colors. Now in most comics, the drawings are fully inked and then colors are added, almost like in a coloring book. In the magazine you hold in your hands, Palmer half-inked his work and then let color do the rest: shadows, horizon lines, waves and other subtleties are deliciously indicated in a rainbow's worth of tones unavailable to previous comic books.

Stan Lee is planning a new line of Marvelcolor magazines; in the near future, Marvel Super Specials will feature *KISS II, Galactica, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band, Star-Lord, Savage Sword of Conan, the Hulk!, Lord of the Rings*—and many other comic magazines, all in this special color process.

Please join us on our trip over the rainbow!



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